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EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

ONE of the first teachers of the deaf and dumb was Bonet, a priest, secretary to the constable of Castile. He undertook the tuition of his younger brother, who had lost the sense of hearing at two years of age; and he published an account of his system in 1620, at Madrid. Amman, a Swiss physician, was the next systematic writer on this subject. He printed at Amsterdam a treatise in Latin, about 1692, intitled *Surdus loquens*. Wallis, a few years afterward, published his *Method of Instructing Persons who were Deaf and Dumb*, in Britain; and he was followed by Holder, Dalgarno, and Bulwer.

In recent times, this art has been exercised in Paris by father Vanin and Mr. Perreire; in Leipsick by Mr. Heinich; in London by Mr. Baker; and in Edinburgh by Mr. Braidwood.

By a contingency, such as destines multitudes to particular studies or avocations, the abbe de l'Epee engaged in it. Vanin had under his tuition two young ladies, who were

twin sisters, both having the misfortune of deafness and dumbness. Death soon deprived them of his lessons; and as an instructor to supply his place was sought for in vain, the abbe de l'Epee undertook to continue their education. The contemplation of their condition excited his tenderness, and his tenderness inflamed his philanthropy towards all in the same afflicting circumstances. His mind, thus turned to the subject, was, by degrees, wholly absorbed in it; till, at last, incited by religion and humanity, he dedicated himself entirely to their tuition. He instituted a seminary, in which he received as many of the deaf and Dumb as he could superintend, and he formed preceptors to teach those in distant parts. The number of his scholars grew to upwards of sixty; and, as the fame of his operations extended, persons from Germany, from Switzerland, from Spain, and from Holland, came to Paris to be initiated in the method he practised, and transfer it to their several countries.

The philanthropic exertions of this excellent man, in behalf of his unfortunate pupils, were unwearied. The greatest part of his income was appropriated to their support, and he refused pecuniary assistance in every shape; of which the following is a remarkable instance.

When the Russian ambassador at Paris made the abbe a visit, in the year 1780, he offered him a present in money proportioned to the customary magnificence of the empress. This the abbe declined to accept, saying, he never received gold from any one; but that since his labours had obtained him the esteem of the empress, he begged she would send a deaf and dumb person to him to be educated, which he should deem a more flattering mark of her distinction.

An asylum for the support and education of the deaf and dumb children of the poor, was instituted in 1792, in the Grange road, Bermondsey, under the patronage of the marquis of Buckingham, a nobleman whose encouragement of literature and the fine arts hath justly entitled him to the reputation of taste and knowledge, as this office has done to the superior character of philanthropy. Of this asylum, Mr. Thornton, member for Southwark, is the treasurer; the Rev. Mr. Mason, of Bermondsey, the secretary; and Mr. Watson, formerly the assistant to Mr. Braidwood, the zealous and industrious teacher.

The abbe de l'Epee gives the following sketch of the method he pursues with his pupils.

It is not by the mere pronunciation of words, in any language, that we are taught their signification: the words *door*, *window*, &c. in our own might have been repeated to us hundreds of times, in vain: we should never have attached an idea to them, had not the objects designated by these names been shown to us at the same time. A sign of the hand or of the eye has been the sole mean by which we learned to unite the idea of these objects with the sounds that struck our ear. When-

ever we heard these sounds, the same ideas arose in our minds, because we recollected the signs made to us when they were pronounced.

Exactly similar must be our measures with the deaf and dumb.— Their tuition commences with teaching them a manual alphabet, such as boys at school make use of to hold conversation at one end of a form with their companions at the other. The various figures of these letters strike forcibly the eyes of deaf and dumb persons, who no more confound them than we confound the various sounds that strike our ears.

We next write in large characters with a white crayon, upon a black table, these two words, *the door*, and we show them the door. They immediately apply their manual alphabet five or six times to each of the letters composing the word *door*, they spell it with their fingers, and impress on their memory the number of letters and arrangement of them; this done, they efface the word, and, taking the crayon themselves, write it down in characters, no matter whether well or ill formed; afterwards they will write it as often as you show them the same object.

It will be the same with respect to every thing else pointed out to them, the name being previously written down; which being first on the table, in large characters, may afterwards be inscribed in characters of ordinary size, upon different cards; and these being given to them, they amuse themselves in examining one another's proficiency, and ridicule those that blunder. Experience has manifested that a deaf and dumb person possessing any mental powers will acquire, by this method, upwards of eighty words in less than three days.

Take some cards having suitable inscriptions, and deliver them one by one to your pupil; he will carry his hand successively to every part of his body conformably to the name on the card delivered to him. Mix and shuffle the cards as you please; he will make no mistake; or if you

chuse to write down any of these names on the table, you will see him, in like manner, distinguish with his finger every object whose name is so offered him; and thus clearly prove that he comprehends the meaning of every one.

By this process the pupil will obtain, in very few days, a knowledge of all the words which express the different parts of our frame, from head to foot, as well as of those that express the various objects which surround us, on being properly pointed out to him as you write their names down on the table, or on cards put into his hands.

We are not, however, even in this early stage, to confine ourselves to this single species of instruction, amusing as it is to our pupils. The very first or second day we guide their hands to make them write down, or we write down for them ourselves the present tense of the indicative of the verb *to carry*.

Several deaf and dumb pupils being round a table, I place my new scholar on my right hand. I put the forefinger of my left hand on the word *I*, and we explain it by signs in this manner: showing myself with the forefinger of my right, I give two or three gentle taps on my breast. I then lay my left forefinger on the word *carry*, and taking up a large quarto volume, I carry it under my arm, in the skirts of my gown, on my shoulder, on my head, and on my back, walking all the while with the mien of a person bearing a load. None of these motions escape his observation.

I return to the table; and in order to explain the second person, I lay my left forefinger on the word *thou*, and carrying my right to my pupil's breast, I give him a few gentle taps, making him notice that I look at *him*, and that he is likewise to look at *me*. I next lay my finger on the word *carriest*, the second person, and having delivered him the quarto volume, I make signs for him to perform what he has just seen me perform: he laughs, takes the vo-

lume, and executes his commission extremely well.

This method is adapted to the conception of the pupil, in his progress through the intricacies of grammar. The following description of the means of initiating him in a knowledge of the tenses of verbs will convey a sufficient idea of the plan:

The pupil, though deaf and dumb, had, like us, an idea of the past, the present, and the future, before he was placed under our tuition, and was at no loss for signs to manifest the difference.

Did he mean to express a present action? He made a sign, prompted by nature, which we all make in the same case, without being conscious of it, and which consists in appealing to the eyes of the spectators to witness the presence of our operation; but if the action did not take place in his sight, he laid his two hands flat upon the table, beating upon it gently, as we are all apt to do on similar occasions: and these are the signs he learns again in our lessons, by which to indicate the present of a verb.

Did he design to signify that an action is past? He tossed his hand carelessly two or three times over his shoulder: these signs we adopt to characterize the past tenses of a verb.

And, lastly, when it was his intent to announce a future action, he projected his right hand: here again is a sign we give him to represent the future of a verb.

It is now time to call in art to the assistance of nature.

Having previously taught him to write out the names of the seven days of the week, one directly under the other, we desire him to set them down in that order, and we then put on each side of his writing what follows before and after the same words under different heads.

Present.—To-day, Sunday, I arrange nothing.

Imperfect.—Yesterday, Monday, I was arranging my books.

Perfect.—Day before yesterday, Tuesday, I arranged my chamber.

Past perfect.—Three days ago, Wednesday, I had arranged my closet.

Future.—To-morrow, Thursday, I shall arrange my papers.

Future.—Day after to-morrow, Friday, I shall arrange my drawers.

Future.—Three days hence, Saturday, I shall arrange my cupboards.

Yesterday, day before yesterday, three days ago, are explained by the number of times we have slept since the day of which we speak.

To-morrow, day after to-morrow, three days hence, are explained by the number of times we are to sleep till the day in question arrive.

We next teach our pupil to lay a restriction upon his motions. To express a thing past, he used to throw his arm backwards and forwards towards his shoulder, without rule: we tell him he must throw it only once for the imperfect, twice for the perfect, and three times for the past perfect; which in truth is analogous to what is signified, the past perfect announcing an action longer past than the perfect, and the latter being in the same predicament with regard to the imperfect.

Mr. Tooke's principles of grammar, now his learned work is completed, will perhaps enable teachers of the deaf and dumb to substitute signs still more simple and expressive than those which are here indicated.

No attempts of this kind have hitherto been made in America. To what cause is this owing? The want of benevolence, or talents, or of pupils?

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE PICTURESQUE.

MEN of true taste do not suppose all beauty to consist in *picturesque beauty*, and the face of nature to be examined only by the rules of paint-

ing. They speak of the grand scenes of nature, though uninteresting in a *picturesque* light, as having a strong effect on the imagination, often a stronger than when they are properly disposed for the pencil. They every where make a distinction between scenes that are *beautiful* and *amusing*, and scenes that are *picturesque*. They examine and admire both. Even artificial objects they admire, whether in a grand or in a humble style, though unconnected with picturesque beauty; the palace and the cottage, the improved garden-scene and the neat homestead. Works of tillage also afford them equal delight; the plough, the mower, the reaper, the hay-field, and the harvest-wane. In a word, they reverence and admire the works of God, and look with benevolence and pleasure on the works of men.

At the expence of no other species of beauty, they merely endeavour to illustrate and recommend one species more; which, though among the most interesting, has seldom been made the set object of investigation. From scenes indeed of the picturesque kind, they exclude the appendages of tillage, and in general the works of men; which too often introduce preciseness and formality. But excluding artificial objects from one species of beauty is not degrading them from all.

Of all kinds of travellers, or pedestrian hunters, those that travel in search of the pleasure of the picturesque are the fewest in number, particularly in America, but perhaps they are the most judicious in their choice of an object of pursuit. Let us hear what a great traveller of this kind has to say in favour of his own taste.

From the objects of picturesque travel, we may consider its *sources of amusement*, or in what way the mind is gratified by these objects.

We might begin in moral style, and consider the objects of nature in a higher light than merely as amusement. We might observe, that a

search after beauty should naturally lead the mind to the great origin of all beauty, to the

—first good, first perfect, and first fair.

But though in theory this seems a natural climax, we insist the less upon it, as in fact we have scarce ground to hope that every admirer of *picturesque beauty* is an admirer also of the *beauty of virtue*, and that every lover of nature reflects, that

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God.—

If, however, the admirer of nature can turn his amusements to a higher purpose; if its great scenes can inspire him with religious awe; or its tranquil scenes with that complacency of mind, which is so nearly allied to benevolence, it is certainly the better. *Apponat lucro*. It is so much into the bargain: for we dare not *promise* him more from picturesque travel than a rational and agreeable amusement. Yet even this may be of some use in an age teeming with licentious pleasure; and may in this light at least be considered as having a moral tendency.

The first source of amusement to the picturesque traveller is the *hurry* of his object; the expectation of new scenes continually opening and arising to his view. We suppose the country to have been unexplored. Under this circumstance the mind is kept constantly in an agreeable suspense. The love of novelty is the foundation of this pleasure. Every distant horizon promises something new; and with this pleasing expectation we follow nature through all her walks. We pursue her from hill to dale; and hunt after those various beauties with which she every where abounds.

The pleasures of the chase are universal. A hare started before dogs is enough to set a whole country in an uproar. The plough and the spade are deserted. Care is

left behind; and every human faculty is dilated with joy.

And shall we suppose it a greater pleasure to the sportsman to pursue a trivial animal, than it is to the man of taste to pursue the beauties of nature? to follow her through all her recesses? to obtain a sudden glance, as she flits past him in some airy shape? to trace her through the mazes of the cover? to wind after her along the vale? or along the reaches of the river?

After the pursuit we are gratified with the *attainment* of the object. Our amusement, on this head, arises from the employment of the mind in examining the beautiful scenes we have found. Sometimes we examine them under the idea of a *whole*: we admire the composition, the colouring, and the light, in one *comprehensive view*. When we are fortunate enough to fall in with scenes of this kind, we are highly delighted. But as we have less frequent opportunities of being thus gratified, we are more commonly employed in analyzing the *parts of scenes*; which may be exquisitely beautiful, though unable to produce a whole. We examine what would amend the composition; how little is wanting to reduce it to the rules of our art; what a trifling circumstance sometimes forms the limit between beauty and deformity. Or we compare the objects before us with other objects of the same kind: or perhaps we compare them with the imitations of art. From all these operations of the mind results great amusement.

But it is not from this *scientific* employment that we derive our chief pleasure. We are most delighted when some grand scene, though perhaps of incorrect composition, rising before the eye, strikes us beyond the power of thought; when the *vox faucibus haret*, and every mental operation is suspended. In this pause of intellect, this *deliquium* of the soul, an enthusiastic sensation of pleasure overspreads it, previous to any examination by

the rules of art. The general idea of the scenes makes an impression, before any appeal is made to the judgment. We rather *feel* than *survey* it.

This high delight is generally, indeed, produced by the scenes of nature, yet sometimes by artificial objects. Here and there a capital picture will raise these emotions, but oftener the rough sketch of a capital master. This has sometimes an astonishing effect on the mind, giving the imagination an opening into all those glowing ideas which inspired the artist, and which the imagination *only* can translate. In general, however, the works of art affect us coolly, and allow the eye to criticise at leisure.

Having gained, by a minute examination of incidents, a complete idea of an object, our next amusement arises from enlarging and correcting our general stock of ideas. The variety of nature is such, that *new objects*, and new combinations of them, are continually adding something to our fund, and enlarging our collection; while the *same kind of object*, occurring frequently, is seen under various shapes, and makes us, if I may so speak, more learned in nature. We get it more by heart. He who has seen only one oak tree has no complete idea of an oak in general; but he who has examined thousands of oak trees must have seen that beautiful plant in all its varieties, and obtains a full and complete idea of it.

From this correct knowledge of objects arises another amusement; that of representing, by a few strokes in a sketch, those ideas, which have made the most impression upon us. A few scratches, like a short-hand scrawl of our own, legible at least to ourselves, will serve to raise in our minds the remembrance of the beauties they humbly represent, and recal to our memory even the splendid colouring and force of light, which existed in the real scene. Some naturalists suppose the act of ruminating, in animals, to be attended with more pleasure than the act of

grosser mastication. It may be so in travelling also. There may be more pleasure in recollecting and recording, from a few transient lines, the scenes we have admired, than in the present enjoyment of them. If the scenes indeed have *peculiar greatness*, this secondary pleasure cannot be attended with those enthusiastic feelings, which accompanied the real exhibition. But, in general, though it may be a calmer species of pleasure, it is more uniform and uninterrupted. It flatters us too with the idea of a sort of creation of our own, and it is unallied with that fatigue, which is often a considerable abatement to the pleasures of traversing the wild and savage parts of nature. After we have amused *ourselves* with our sketches, if we can, in any degree, contribute to the amusement of others also, the pleasure is surely so much enhanced.

There is still another amusement arising from the correct knowledge of objects; and that is the power of creating and representing *scenes of fancy*, which is still more a work of creation than copying from nature. The imagination becomes a camera obscura, only with this difference, that the camera represents objects as they really are, while the imagination, impressed with the most beautiful scenes, and chastened by rules of art, forms its pictures, not only from the most admirable parts of nature, but in the best taste.

We are, in some degree, also amused by the very visions of fancy itself. Often, when slumber has half closed the eye, and shut out all the objects of sense, especially after the enjoyment of some splendid scene, the imagination, active and alert, collects its scattered ideas, transposes, combines, and shifts them into a thousand forms, producing such exquisite scenes, such sublime arrangements, such glow and harmony of colouring, such brilliant lights, such depth and clearness of shadow, as equally foil description and every attempt of artificial colouring.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM PITT.

WILLIAM PITT, the fourth child of William Pitt, earl of Chatham*, by Hester Grenville, sister of Richard, earl Temple, was born May 28, 1759. Nicholas Pitt, who lived in the reign of Henry VI, was the common ancestor of the lately ennobled families of Chatham, Camelford, and Rivers; and his descendant John appears to have been a clerk of the exchequer in the time of Elizabeth.

At Blandford, in Dorsetshire, the Pitts were originally situate, and Thomas Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, was the first of that name who attained considerable eminence. Having resided several years at Fort St. George, when the company was a mere mercantile body, and their chief officers factors and traders, he purchased for 20,400*l.* that large diamond called the *regent*, weighing 127 carats, which he sold to the regent of France for 135,000*l.*, and which at present occupies a conspicuous place in the imperial diadem of Bonaparte. This enabled him to acquire a considerable estate at Boconnock, in Cornwall; yet his grand-children were not all amply provided for, as William Pitt, afterwards earl of Chatham, inherited but a scanty patrimony, and, though he had recourse to the profession of arms for support, never rose higher than a cornet of horse. What was

* The following is an account of the family of the former earl of Chatham:

John, the present earl, born September 10, 1755.

Lady Hesther, born October 18, 1756, married December 19, 1774, Charles viscount Mahon, only son of Philip earl Stanhope (now earl Stanhope), and died July 18, 1780.

Henrietta, commonly called lady Harriot, born April 14, 1758.

William.

And James Charles, born April 24, 1761, who entered into the royal navy, and died in 1780.

wanting, however, in wealth was abundantly supplied by talents, for nature lavished on him her choicest store, and formed him on the model of ancient times.

Having opposed sir Robert Walpole, that minister meanly deprived him of his commission; but this proved no obstacle to his advancement in the state, for in 1756 he became minister. His administration forms the most illustrious portion of the British annals, and it is memorable in every point of view. During that period, so able were his plans, and so original, and yet judicious, the manner in which they were executed, that, notwithstanding a strong opposition in the cabinet, the nation united in his support. Despising narrow prejudices, he was the first to call forth all the resources of the empire, by employing indiscriminately all its inhabitants; and with this collected mass he smote the French monarchy with a blow, from which it could never have recovered had he been supported in that quarter where he had the strongest claims. Thus the early portion of the reign of George III became clouded by his dismissal, and men of penetration began to forebode the most disastrous events.

Retiring, though not in disgrace, the wishes of the people still followed him; nor did he ever betray their confidence, for he persevered to the last moment of his life in those principles which he had early avowed. Two of the great objects on which his noble mind was constantly employed during the latter years of his life appear to have been a reform in parliament, without which he prognosticated the most fatal evils, and an immediate conclusion to the American war, the disasters of which he but too clearly anticipated.

He may be said to have died as he had lived, in the service of his country: for, having fainted in consequence of his violent exertions in the house of peers, he was seized with a malady which speedily conducted him to his grave.

The demise of Chatham was la-

mented by all parties; as during his ministry no inroads were made on public liberty, and as he had no enemies but those of his country, his death was counted a public calamity. The parliament which had despised his counsels unanimously voted him a funeral at the public expence, in Westminster Abbey, and a pension of 4000*l.* per annum to his heirs, annexed in perpetuity to the title which he had so gloriously acquired for *them*, rather than himself.

William, his second son, born in the midst of a war with France, appeared at a most auspicious era, and came into the world as if to witness the triumphs of his native country, under the auspices of his illustrious parent.

The present earl being destined for the army, and James Charles for the sea service, lord Chatham determined to breed the second son in the paternal mansion at Hayes as a statesman. Having accordingly confided the care of the two other sons to other preceptors, he took William to himself, and the rapid progress of this wonderful boy seemed to cheer the solitude, and illumine the declining day of this veteran politician, who already predicted his future talents and success, and amidst the groves of Burton Pynsent, a seat bequeathed to him on account of his patriotism, presaged his future destiny.

While his school exercises were performed under the immediate care of a private tutor, the Rev. Mr. afterwards Dr. Wilson, and a canon of Windsor, his father conversed with him freely on all subjects, with a view of expanding his mind and maturing his judgment. As he grew up, matters of the utmost importance were started and discussed before him. On these occasions, a fond parent, so eminent for his talents, and particularly for his eloquence, was accustomed to make the little orator declaim from a chair or a table. He knew that in a free country the gift of speaking with facility on every subject was

one of the most desirable acquisitions for a young man who panted to excel his contemporaries, and command his equals. He was conscious that this qualification had supplied all deficiencies of fortune in himself; and as his son, at the same time of life, was but scantily provided for, he wished, if possible, to bequeath it to him as an inheritance. His lordship was aware also, perhaps, that his old rival, lord Holland, had bred up one of his children in the same manner; and as Charles Fox began already to distinguish himself in the house of commons, so as to have no compeer, it perhaps entered into his calculations that one William Pitt might outstrip the young as much as another had excelled the old Fox.

At a proper period it was determined to send him to one of the universities; and Cambridge was preferred to Oxford, from a notion long cherished by many whig families, that the political doctrines inculcated there were more liberal than those usually engendered at Oxford. He was placed under Dr. Joseph Turner, since dean of Norwich, and who in 1784 was elected master of Pembroke Hall. Dr. Prettyman, now bishop of Lincoln, dean of St. Pauls, also participated in the care of his education, the latter being his private instructor.

While at Cambridge, Mr. Pitt's morals and conduct were unimpeachable; and if the example of the young nobility is supposed to be sometimes but little beneficial in general, this rule found a noble exception in his person. Here he took his bachelor's degree and that of M. A., and established then such a character for industry, talents, and propriety of demeanour, as proved not a little serviceable in his future pursuits in life.

On leaving college, Mr. Pitt entered Lincoln's Inn, nearly at the same time with Mr. Addington, whose father had been the physician and friend of his family: there he soon after hired chambers; and be-

ing, as usual, favoured on account of his degree, was, at the end of three years, called to the bar.

When this took place, he, as is customary with junior counsel, selected one of the circuits as the scene of his early efforts, and on this occasion he made choice of the western. The late Mr. Widmore, afterwards a bencher of the Inner Temple, led in the first cause in which Mr. Pitt appeared. One of the first briefs he received was in the Cricklade election cause, when Mr. Samuel Petrie, a petitioning candidate, brought 76 separate actions against the sitting member for bribery and corruption.

But Mr. Pitt had little practice, and consequently little celebrity, as an advocate; and perhaps he was but ill qualified, on the score of patient and laborious investigation, for a pursuit in which nothing great can be achieved, without the unabating industry of a whole life. John Dunning, afterwards lord Ashburton, and Thomas, now lord, Erskine, the two most successful men in the annals of legal history, are examples; as for lords Thurlow and Rosslyn, their rise is attributed to their *practice* in parliament, and not in the courts of justice.

William Pitt had been bred a statesman, and the house of commons was consequently the goal whence he was to start in his professional career. At the request of some of the many friends he had made at Cambridge, he proposed himself as a candidate for that university, but failed from mere want of influence. A noble M. A. of Trinity college, however, accomplished by accident what all the good designs of his other friends had been unable to achieve. Happening to meet sir James Lowther, who died earl of Lonsdale, the duke of Rutland, after detailing the particulars of the late discomfiture, concluded by asking him, as a favour, if he could possibly make room in any of his boroughs for his young friend, Mr. Pitt, who had thus lost his election for Cambridge. Sir James, on

this occasion, set aside a north country attorney, and brought in the son of the most favourite, able, and upright minister that England had ever witnessed. It was thus, owing to a casual rencounter in St. James's-street, that the future premier was returned by the influence of an opulent commoner for the borough of Appleby. Mr. Pitt, who was never unmindful of political favours, with a princely munificence conferred, in due time, an earldom on one, and a viceroyalty on another of the two persons who thus early contributed to his advancement.

The American war was raging with unabated violence, and the member for Appleby, following the generous counsels and example of his father, reprobated it as one of the most shameful and disastrous conflicts ever witnessed in modern times. No one was more eager, at the same time, than he to arraign the conduct of the minister, and to attribute the worst and most selfish motives to all his actions.

Having thus taken the popular side of this great question, his rising powers were exhibited to no common advantage, and he soon began to be considered not only as a promising speaker, but as a man one day destined to hold a conspicuous place in the councils of his country. This was no small degree of merit, when, in one house, a Rockingham, a Richmond, and a Shelburne, and, in another, a Saville, a Dunning, a Burke, a Barry, and a Fox, occupied, and almost exclusively engrossed, the public attention. Yet there was still found a vacancy for this young orator, who so prematurely aspired to notice; and the eloquence, the talents, the long and meritorious services of his father operated like a spell to fix the attention of mankind on the conduct of a darling son, who already promised to rival him in patriotism, and almost in genius.

The extent of the regal power had engaged the attention of this parliament, and a vote of the commons, moved by the great lawyer,

afterwards known as lord Ashburton, *that the influence of the crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished*, clearly pointed at an object, the real or supposed existence of which occasioned considerable discontent. In the mean time, Mr. Burke, then in the bloom of his popularity, had been encouraged by this and other symptoms of jealousy to broach once more his plan of economy, which, as it was founded on a progressive retrenchment, appeared admirably calculated to clip the wings of the prerogative. The bill was of course rejected by lord North, when the motion was debated February 19, 1781; but it was ably supported by Mr. Pitt, who, in his maiden speech, very forcibly ridiculed the objection, that it proposed to bring no more than 200,000*l.* a year into the public coffers, a sum insignificant compared to the millions expended.

After a long debate, the bill was rejected by a trifling majority; but it was afterwards introduced at a more favourable opportunity, and carried partly into effect.

On the 12th of June, the same session, Mr. Fox made a motion, that the house should resolve itself into a committee to consider the American war; and he meant, he said, provided this should be carried, to follow it up with another: that his majesty's ministers ought immediately to take every possible measure for concluding peace with the American colonies. He was supported by many distinguished members, particularly by Mr. Pitt, who engaged the whole attention of the house, while he expressed himself in the most indignant terms on the cruelty and impolicy of the contest with the colonies. It was conceived, he said, in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution, and devastation. In short, every thing that went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude were to be found in it. It was pregnant with mischief of every kind, while

it meditated destruction to the miserable people who were the devoted objects of the black resentments which produced it.

About this time, the lord advocate of Scotland, the present viscount Melville, though a stickler for the American war, and a zealous friend of the minister, paid many high compliments to this youthful statesman, with whom he was afterwards fated to act, and whose future advancement he seemed even now, with his usual intuitive sagacity, to prognosticate. His powerful abilities and brilliant eloquence, he said, were universally acknowledged proofs that the astonishing extent and force of an exalted understanding had descended, in a hereditary line, from the late illustrious possessor of them, to a son equally endued with all the fire, and strength, and grace of oratory. Mr. Wilkes also pronounced a neat eulogium on the same subject, and to the same purpose.

Next to the American war, a more equal representation of the people in the house of commons was one of the chief objects to which the nation directed its attention. It was fully recognized as the undoubted prerogative of the crown to declare war, but as the supplies were exclusively entrusted to the direction of the representative branch of the constitution, all independent men seemed to allow that, but for the venality and corruption of a former parliament, it would have been impossible for any minister to have carried on a conflict accompanied with the waste of so much blood and treasure.

To profit by experience, to correct the future by the past, to restore the constitution to its original purity, and to confer on the people their due weight in a mixed form of government, had now become the aim and object of Mr. Pitt's endeavours.

This ingenious statesman, as yet uncorrupted with power, and viewing a well merited renown as the sole reward and only recompence

of his virtuous endeavours, boldly, fairly, and honestly entered on a measure which now served as a spear to probe the character of his political adversaries, and was afterwards employed by the Abdiels, who opposed him to probe his own heart, when it was supposed to have been perverted by the fascinations of office, and the habit of command. We now allude to the measure so early adopted, and for a while so strenuously supported, by him, of obtaining a more equal representation of the people in parliament.

On this occasion, his sentiments were these :

The representation of the commons in parliament was a matter so truly interesting, that it had at all times excited the admiration of men the most enlightened ; while the defects found in it had given them reason to apprehend the most alarming consequences. That it had lately undergone material alterations, by which the commons' house of parliament had received an improper and dangerous bias, he believed it would be idle for him to attempt to prove.

That beautiful frame of government, which had made us the envy and admiration of mankind, and in which the people were entitled to hold so distinguished a share, was so far dwindled and departed from its original purity, that the representatives ceased, in a great degree, to be connected with the people.

It is not his intention to enter into any inquiry respecting the proper mode of reform, or to consider what would most completely tally and square with the original frame of the constitution ; this he left to a committee : but he still felt it his duty to state some facts and circumstances which, in his opinion, made this object of reform essentially necessary.

He believed, indeed, that there was no member of that house who would not acknowledge, that the representation was incomplete. It was perfectly understood that there

were some of the boroughs under the influence of the treasury, and others totally possessed by them. It was manifest that such boroughs had not one quality of representation in them. They had no share or concern in the general interests of the country ; and they had in fact no stake for which to appoint guardians in the popular assembly. The influence of the treasury in some boroughs was also contested, not by the electors of those boroughs, but by some powerful man, who assumed or pretended to a hereditary property in what ought only to be the rights and privileges of the electors.

There were other boroughs, which had now in fact no actual existence but in the return of members to that house. They had no existence in property, in population, in trade, or in weight of any kind.

Another set of boroughs and towns claimed to themselves the right of bringing their votes to market. They had no other market, no other property, and no other stake in the country, than the property and price which they procured for their votes. Such boroughs were the most dangerous of all others. So far from consulting the interests of their country in the choice which they made, they held out their borough to the best purchaser ; and in fact, some of them belonged more to the nabob of Arcot than they did to the people of England. They were towns and boroughs more within the jurisdiction of the Carnatic, than the limits of the empire of Great Britain ; and it was a fact pretty well known, and generally understood, that the nabob had no less than seven or eight members in that house.

No man possessed more reverence for the constitution, and more respect even for its vestiges, than himself. But he was afraid that the reverence and enthusiasm which Englishmen entertained for the constitution would, if not suddenly prevented, be the means of destroying it ; for such was their enthusiasm,

that they would not even remove its defects, for fear of touching its beauty. But so great was his reverence for the beauties of that constitution, that he wished to remove those defects, as he clearly perceived that they were defects which altered the radical principles of the constitution.

That a reform of the present parliamentary representation was indispensably necessary, was the sentiment of some of the first and greatest characters in the kingdom; he well knew it to be the sentiment of his much honoured father, the late earl of Chatham, who was firmly of opinion that a reform of the representation was absolutely requisite for the security of the liberties of the people of this country. He concluded with moving, that a committee should be appointed to enquire into the state of the representation in parliament, and to report to the house their observations thereon.

This proposition was seconded by alderman Sawbridge, and supported by sir George Saville. Mr. Fox, though then a minister, spoke in favour of reform; and instanced the county of Middlesex, which he said was so little represented, that though it contained one eighth of the whole number of electors of Great Britain, though it paid one sixth part of the land-tax, and a full third of all other taxes, yet had not more than a fifty-fifth part of the representation.

The motion, however, was rejected; but the majority was small, for it only consisted of 40, the numbers being 161 to 121.

In proportion as this subject was canvassed, it obtained additional support, even in the house of commons. In respect to the nation at large, it was indeed so extremely popular, that many of the counties and cities, especially Yorkshire, Middlesex, Kent, Westminster, &c. associated for the express purpose of obtaining a reform; and Mr. Pitt himself actually sat in a

convention of delegates, convoked in the vicinity of the very spot where the acknowledged legislature held its sittings.

In the mean time, the American war was brought to a close; and the old minister being hunted into the toils, the spoils of office became the reward of his opponents. But they aspired to nobler distinctions, and that short-lived administration, of which the marquis of Rockingham was the head, and Mr. Fox one of the secretaries of state, put the seal to their integrity, by *realizing* in part the expectations of the public. During its existence, contractors were excluded from the house of commons; custom and excise officers were disqualified from voting at elections; the proceedings with regard to the Middlesex election were rescinded; and while a more liberal and enlightened policy was adopted in respect to Ireland, a reform bill in England abolished a multitude of useless officers, and thus clipt the wings of corruption. More, much more, would have been effected, had not the death of Rockingham led to great and sudden changes.

In consequence of the new arrangements, Mr. Fox retired; and lord Shelburne, on whom had now devolved the office of first lord of the treasury, selected Mr. Pitt, who declared that he would accept no inferior office, though then only 23 years of age, as chancellor of the exchequer. Peace at any rate, was now become desirable; but the terms were objected to, by an opposition rendered formidable in consequence of a *coalition* between two men hitherto considered as mortal enemies, and lord North and Mr. Fox, previously to whose political marriage, Mr. Pitt solemnly, in open parliament, forbade the *banns*, having obtained a majority, he retired from power, with a character unimpeached and a heart untainted.

In a few weeks after his dismissal, Mr. Pitt once more urged a reform in parliament, which he

knew would restore him to all his former popularity, and pave the way for his return to power.

He accordingly submitted three motions to the house; but though ably supported by Mr. Fox, and other members, yet on a division he was left in a minority, the ayes being 129, and the noes 293.

Notwithstanding the popularity connected with the name and talents of Pitt, the coalition ministry continued to possess a great majority in parliament; till the celebrated India bill, by which the entire government of that company was to be vested in commissioners, was conceived. This measure, of which Mr. Burke was the father, received a regular and systematic opposition from Mr. Pitt, who chiefly insisted on the infringement, or rather the violation of the charter, and on the new and unconstitutional influence it was calculated to create. He allowed that the government of India wanted reform, but it was a constitutional not a tyrannical alteration that broke through every principle of justice. By this bill an attack was made on the most solemn charters; it also pointed a fatal blow against the integrity and the faith of parliament; and, in addition to this, it broke through every tie by which man was bound to man. The charter was not indebted for its birth or its pretensions to the foolish prepossession, or mad prodigality, of a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or a Stuart: it was a fair purchase made of the public, an equal compact for reciprocal advantages between the proprietors and the nation at large.

The bill was carried in the house of commons by a large majority: but, in the house of peers, it was objected to by the duke of Richmond, lord Thurlow, and earl Temple, now marquis of Buckingham, and on the 17th of December, 1783, it was finally rejected by a majority of nineteen.

This extraordinary event was supposed to have taken place in consequence of a conference between lord Temple and the king,

which produced some motions in the house of commons against secret influence. A large portion of the members still adhered to the coalition ministry.

In the mean time, the king determined on an entire change of ministry, and at twelve o'clock at night, on the 18th of December, 1783, the two secretaries of state were informed that his majesty had no further occasion for their services, and were directed, that the seals of office should be presented by the under secretaries, as a personal interview would be disagreeable. The important places of first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer were conferred on Mr. Pitt, who thus became prime minister in the 24th year of his age, while lord Temple was nominated for a few days secretary of state, and earl Gower became president of council. Soon after, lord Thurlow accepted the office of lord chancellor, the duke of Rutland was made keeper of the privy seal, and the marquis of Carmarthen and lord Sidney secretaries of state, while Mr. Dundas became treasurer of the navy.

Mr. Pitt, who at this period had greatly increased his former popularity by bestowing the patent sinecure of clerk of the pells upon colonel Barre, in lieu of a pension of nearly the same value, on the 14th of January, 1784, produced a new bill for the better government of India. He proposed the institution of a board of controul, the members to be nominated by the king, to which the dispatches of the company were to be submitted; he also proposed that the appointment of the commander in chief should be vested in the crown, and having thus obtained the guardianship of the political concerns of the company, he left the commercial ones entirely to the court of directors.

Mr. Fox did not fail to object to this bill; and after a short debate it was rejected by a majority of eight.

In this temper of the house, either a coalition or an immediate disso-

lution became necessary; and a number of independent members having met and attempted to bring about the former without success, the latter was suddenly recurred to, March 25, 1784, soon after a very equivocal message, tending to cajole the house of commons into security.

The voice of the nation, on this occasion, produced considerable effect, and the elections in general proved highly favourable to the new ministers. In consequence of this, Mr. Pitt, who was returned for the university of Cambridge, again produced his amended bill for the regulation of India, and carried it triumphantly through both houses.— This session gave birth to two other important projects, one for the prevention of smuggling, and the other, called the commutation act, by which certain duties were transferred from tea to windows.

But the new minister was placed in a very delicate and embarrassing situation, by a motion of alderman Sawbridge, June 16th, 1784, for appointing a committee to inquire into the present state of the commons of Great Britain in parliament. The alderman affected to be desirous of resigning this business to the chancellor of the exchequer, who had, on a former occasion, offered motions on the same subject, and in whose hands he conceived it would be attended with a greater prospect of success.

Mr. Pitt, however, extricated himself with great adroitness: but from that moment he appears to have lost all pretensions to consistency.

He declined the invitation on account of the pressure of public business, which left him no leisure for disquisitions and arrangements so complicated and extensive. This was not, he said, the proper time for questions that might be urged with greater probability of success on some future occasion. He declared his own resolution to offer something on the subject early in the next session; and though the precipitate discussion of it had not

his approbation, the business itself should have every support he was able to afford it. The previous question was moved and carried by his friend, lord Mulgrave, towards the close of the debate.

Mr. Pitt being now invested with full power as *premier*, exercised all the functions of that high office, without check or controul. Finding he possessed a clear majority, both in the cabinet and the parliament, he appears from this moment to have yielded himself wholly up to a temper naturally lofty, and to have cared but little for that popularity which he had courted with equal assiduity and success, while it turned to his advantage.

Soon after the enactment of the India bill, which has reduced to nothing the political functions of the court of directors, a commercial treaty was made with France; and it has always been allowed that the terms were highly advantageous to England. Lord Auckland, who had left the opposition bench, and attached himself to the fortunes of the new minister, appears to have been the author of this measure, and he was accordingly appointed to carry it into effect.

Mr. Pitt, who deserves great credit for countenancing the plan, nearly at the same time adopted another relative to the finances, whence he derived great reputation; and having already hinted at a time when the national debt might possibly be extinguished, the nation, if not wholly satisfied, seemed at least to be content under his ministry.

Thus a commercial nation began once more to flourish, by cultivating the arts of peace: but unhappily the minister seemed ambitious of every sort of glory, and he was now, for the first time, determined to assume the character of a war-minister. Accordingly, forgetting that the wounds inflicted by the American war, though cicatrized, were not yet wholly healed, and that hostilities, without the apology of an immediate and invincible necessity, must always be destructive to a ma-

manufacturing country, he determined on attacking Russia.

After a variety of intrigues in almost every court in Europe, he at length cemented an alliance, in which English money, as usual, was to be weighed out against foreign blood. The subject in dispute can now scarcely be mentioned without ridicule, as it wholly turned on the question whether Catharine or the sultan was to have possession of Oczakow. On this occasion, the good sense of the nation opposed the minister, and he was saved from the disgrace of a hopeless struggle, by the petitions of the merchants and manufacturers, joined to the successful remonstrances of his political opponents.

A similar mistake had nearly involved him in a war with Spain; and with the recorded folly of a former contest relative to the Falkland's islands before his eyes, the eloquence of Mr. Pitt was brought into the field, for the purpose of demonstrating the propriety of a war with Spain, about the peltry of Nootka Sound. He must be allowed the merit, however, of having speedily seen and confessed his error, by entering into a convention with Spain; but this was not effected till a fleet had been fitted out, and great expence incurred.

Two other of his grand measures were the restoration of the stadtholder, by means of a Prussian army, in the wisdom of which his colleagues and his enemies alike agreed, and the regency. On the king's illness, he again found it expedient to take constitutional ground, and, with a happy versatility, once more build his arguments on the privileges of the people. On this occasion, he strenuously denied the *right* of the prince of Wales to the regency; and though, as usual, he displayed an offensive degree of personal haughtiness, yet his law was sound, and his tenets constitutional. On this grand question, he enjoyed the last gleam of departing popularity.

A great, new, and important

scene now opened, which soon teemed with grand events. This was the French revolution. A great minister might perhaps have profited by this conjuncture; and Mr. Pitt began early to prognosticate that events never appeared more promising than at that precise time, no period of British history having exhibited so peaceful an aspect! England was, however, at that very moment, on the brink of the most terrible war she had ever witnessed.

The convocation of the states general was soon followed by the demolition of the bastille, and that event by the first coalition, with a view either to restore the monarch to his original authority, or to partition France in the same manner as they had done Poland. Whatever might have been their secret resolves, for they are allowed to have at times assumed a very equivocal aspect, they in effect produced first the imprisonment, and then the execution of Louis XVI, in direct opposition, indeed, to both the spirit and letter of the new constitution.

The English ambassador was now recalled, and the minister of France, by an express order, January 24, 1793, commanded to depart the realm in six days. The ostensible causes of a contest, accompanied by so many present, and pregnant with so many future evils, may be resolved into the opening of the Scheldt, and the decree of fraternity; the first of which was assuredly impolitic, and the second to the last degree offensive. How far they afforded a sufficient *causa belli* is left to the commentators on Grotius and Puffendorff, who will decide, as usual, according to national or party feelings.

Never was a war less popular; for the bulk of the nation, which had formerly detested the French as slaves, most cordially rejoiced at their enfranchisement. They beheld with suspicion a considerable portion of the cabinet consisting of those who had favoured the contest with America; and, in addition to this, a certain degree of personal

rancour prevailed against the minister, and continued, indeed, though with considerable abatement, till his dismissal. He was openly opposed by men who truly and forcibly warned him of the consequences.

Mr. Pitt, however, persevered; and having received a fresh addition to his party, by the accession of a powerful portion of the minority, who are said to have stipulated for strong and decisive measures, he carried on the war according to his own principles. From that moment all opposition ceased: for whatever his political enemies might be in talents, in numbers they were thenceforth insignificant.

The contest was of course carried on with redoubled energy, and all the officers of the French marine, having been nobles, and consequently *suspected*, either withdrew or were dismissed; so that their ships of war, as well as their colonies, became a prey to the fleets and armies of England. Egypt, too, was reconquered from the foe, while Ireland, in the midst of a disastrous war, was firmly united to Great Britain.

At length, after holding the reins of government eighteen years, Mr. Pitt, in 1801, suddenly retired from office. His motives were never publicly avowed; but his private reasons, according to the confession of several of his friends, were founded on the system persisted in relative to Ireland.

All parties seemed to rejoice at the nomination of Addington. From Cornwall to Caithness the people congratulated themselves on the change; and France from that moment happily ceased to have either friends or advocates within the precincts of Britain. A bill of indemnity having been carried by the new minister, the old one, thus absolved, retired to Walmer Castle, where he was occupied in a very honourable and becoming manner in disciplining the two regiments raised by the Cinque Ports.

Though he himself had constantly rejected every proposition of peace,

yet he afterwards lent the whole force of his great abilities and influence to the new minister, when the treaty of Amiens was debated in the house of commons. He then remained for some time in a state of political insignificance; but though the new war experienced his entire approbation, some of the measures were not deemed by him sufficiently energetic. He, however, did not make a direct attack on the ministry till March 15, 1804, when he accused the admiralty board of imbecility. He was again in a minority on the Irish militia bill; and he soon after cordially and zealously supported Mr. Fox's scheme of national defence, which was outvoted.

The minister's small majority having dwindled to thirty-seven, on the army of reserve suspension bill, Mr. Addington with a few of his friends soon after retired, and Mr. Pitt resumed his former post.

The additional force bill, the first measure of the new ministry, was carried with great difficulty, Fox, Windham, Grenville, and all the Addingtons having voted against it. In this dilemma, Mr. Pitt was soon after strengthened by the accession of the new lord Sidmouth, who, after being ennobled, accepted the office of president of the council.

On the meeting of parliament, January 15, 1805, Mr. Pitt strenuously defended the war with Spain, and carried the motion for an address by a majority of 207. The next objects that engaged his attention were the Irish habeas corpus suspension bill, and the budget for 1805, two articles of which were contested with no common warmth. One of these, the salt duty bill, was carried by a majority of thirty-eight; but the other, the horse duty bill, was combated with equal spirit and success by its opponents, and at length lost by a majority of three.

During the recess, the minister was surrounded with difficulties. But he employed his time and talents in forming a third coalition against France; which, in conse-

quence of the surrender of Ulm, and the defeat at Austerlitz, proved more inauspicious than the two former. From that period, the necessity of a change in the cabinet seemed to be generally allowed.

In the mean time, the gout, a predisposition to which he inherited from his father, and which was perhaps greatly increased by his own manner of living, assailed a constitution never very strong. In addition to this, the total miscarriage of all his schemes, and the melancholy aspect of foreign affairs, are said to have preyed upon his mind to such a degree, that he is supposed to have died broken-hearted, at his house near Putney, between four and five on the morning of January 23, 1806.

Thus died, in the 47th year of his age, William Pitt, leaving to his country a legacy of misfortunes, and to himself a doubtful fame. The virtues and abilities of his father had produced a kind of national partiality in his favour, while yet a boy; and the frankness and ingenuousness of his own conduct, during his early youth, rendered him dear to the people. Impelled by a towering ambition, he disdained to serve, like all other statesmen, an apprenticeship in any subordinate office, and he accordingly refused to accept an honourable post under Rockingham.

When the earl of Shelburne succeeded to power, that nobleman, wishing to attach so promising an orator to himself, raised him all at once to the important office of chancellor of the exchequer; but he had reason to repent his temerity, as, like a great man of antiquity, he soon discovered "many Mariuses in one Cæsar."

As a financier, no man who ever presided at the exchequer has obtained more praise. He has been blamed, indeed, for some of his pecuniary schemes; but, on the whole, his plans were supposed to be laid, and the objects of taxation were chosen, with great judgment, so that the produce was in general co-equal with the calculation.

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During the American war, depreciated manufactures, neglected agriculture, and a ruined commerce, rendered it extremely difficult to furnish the necessary supplies; yet such was the continued good fortune, or, according to some, the peculiar good management of Mr. Pitt, that, though several manufactures drooped, yet others have flourished, and the national exports rather increased than diminished during his ministry.

As a speaker he was perhaps unrivalled. His person was unprepossessing, his action tame, and his features so unmeaning, that no painter, sculptor, or medalist, could ever contrive to obtain a likeness; yet such was the happy choice of his words, the judicious arrangement of his thoughts, and the fascinating effects of his perennial eloquence, that his wonderful powers were acknowledged even by those who were most prepossessed against his person and arguments. When employed in a good cause, he was irresistible; and in a bad one he could dazzle the judgment, lead the imagination captive, and seduce the heart, even while the judgment remained firm and unconvinced.

Nor ought his generous scorn of wealth to be omitted. Amidst a corrupt circle, and at a time when some men appear to have attained the heroic age of pecuniary baseness, he was wholly exempt from this mark of modern degeneracy. His debts, which do not exceed forty thousand pounds, and which only amount to a *deficit of 2000*l.* per annum*, during an administration of twenty years, are to be paid by the public.

All his failings appear to have arisen out of one master passion; that ambition which soared above every other consideration but its own immediate gratification. While out of office, he exercised the *tribunitian* power with the vehemence of one that had given hostages to his country, and sworn eternal war against abuses of every kind. When in power, no minister was ever

more *dictatorial*; his arrogance extended even beyond the pale of the empire, and became proverbial in foreign courts. He defended peculators and delinquents of every sort, and so little scrupulous was he on the head of consistency, that one of his *quondam* associates in reform, Horne Tooke, was tried for his life at the Old Bailey, while several pupils of his own school, Muir, Palmer, Skirving, &c., were transported to Botany Bay, where nearly all of them perished.

So much for the reformer ! As a minister, it remains to be proved that his wars were just and necessary : till that has been accomplished, the enormous loans raised, the prodigious expenditure that took place, and the immense additions made to the national debt, during his reign, appear to be but poorly balanced by a judicious selection of taxes, and the ingenious adoption of a sinking fund, originally conceived by Dr. Price, which, whatever relief it may afford to posterity, will contribute but little to the solace of the present age.

Notwithstanding the early tincture his mind received in favour of freedom, and the voluminous addition he made to the acts of parliament, it will be difficult perhaps to find one single *disinterested* law introduced by him in favour of liberty. On the contrary, in all his fiscal regulations, he utterly excluded the intervention of a jury between the king and the subject. The custom house and the excise office are, unhappily, therefore to be considered as the archives of his legislative trophies.

Est istud quidem honestum,
Verum hoc expedit.

As to his achievements, in every thing strictly pertaining to himself, for the triumphs of the navy are to be attributed to Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson, he completely failed, and the three coalitions formed during his ministry all ended in dis-

grace. His triumphs, however, in the senate were complete ; his majorities were decisive : his opponents, despicable as to numbers, possessed nothing but foresight, and were always out-voted, though never out-argued.

Before his time, a formidable minority in the house of commons was viewed with despair by a minister ; he was the first who braved a majority, and thus furnished the executive power with a dangerous precedent.

Gifted with all the powers of eloquence, his talents were not practical ; evincing great personal integrity, he was supported by many who were honest, and by nearly all who were corrupt. While he spoke he appeared fitted to rule ; but when he tried to act, the mistake was evident.

Eager after power, by a series of fortunate occurrences he continued in office twenty years, and while, like Noy and Strafford, he turned his back on the tenets of his youth, like Cromwell, he died at a period when his embarrassments appeared to be irremediable.

He was well versed in all the arts of finance, yet under him the national debt was raised to a gigantic magnitude, and paper substituted for gold : boasting of his love of liberty, he found the press free, and the constitution entire ; he has delivered over the one in fetters, and placed the other in jeopardy.

Magnanimous himself in the midst of danger, he has left his sovereign for a while bereaved, if not stript for ever, of his continental dominions, and the continent itself crumbling beneath the colossal power of an insatiable enemy. With his debts paid, his remains interred, and his monument erected at the public expence, it still remains for history finally to decide on the merits of a man who, for the welfare of his country, according to some, ought never to have lived, while, according to others, he ought never to have died.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON BETEL AND AREKA.

FEW travellers or voyagers in the Indian seas omit to make particular mention of the custom universally prevalent in these countries, of chewing betel. This substance is, in some degree, the substitute for tobacco. I have seldom seen it mentioned but in terms of disgust and abhorrence; in such terms as to leave us to suppose that in general it resembles, in its effects, tobacco, except that these effects are more conspicuous to observers, and more disgusting. The following is a more particular account of this substance than I have ever before met with.

The areka or surrapi of China is chewed by the Chinese after wrapping it in the leaf of the betel or paung leaf. This is a shrub similar to woodbine or ivy, which clings to the areka tree. The latter is a species of palm, that generally attains the height of thirty or forty feet, is perfectly straight, of the circumference of a full grown poplar, with protuberant rings on the bark at equal distances. It possesses no branches but at the head, where it spreads itself, and to them is suspended the fruit or nut of the areka, erroneously termed beetle-nut, enveloped in an outward coating of numerous filaments, being in size about an English walnut, but more conical. This husk is not unlike the rind of a cocca-nut, but more soft and pliable.

The properties of the areka are unparalleled as a beautifier and preserver of the teeth. Its astringency gives them strength, and it is unexceptionably the finest antiscorbutic known. Many Europeans who had bad teeth, and were frequently troubled with the tooth-ache, have, by the use of this substance, been permanently relieved, and the appearance of their teeth wonderfully improved. The most offensive breath has been overcome; as the areka possesses one of the most agreeable odours to be met with in the east.

Highly and justly is it esteemed in China, yet in Europe it is scarcely known. Though its virtues are so great, it is, notwithstanding, neither cultivated among agriculturists nor private gentlemen in India: it is the casual inhabitant of every wood or jungle, like many of our most valuable herbs, which grow spontaneously in the fields, unheeded or disregarded but by the professed botanist.

The saliva produced by chewing this nut is of the most beautiful red the eye can witness or the imagination conceive; and were there a possibility of extracting the dye, its richness would be unexampled, and displace those that are now held in the highest consideration. But the colour of this nut is only imparted in its green state: when it becomes hard it will not disclose this valuable property to aqueous, spiritous, or oily menstruums; and no means as yet employed have succeeded. It has been infused, after levigation, in spirits, and acts as a great corroborator of the stomach, and facilitator of digestion. As a styptic, it may not be inferior to Peruvian bark. It is perfectly tasteless, except that aromatic effluvia arise after it is chewed. The betel's growing round the areka may be the cause of the leaf of this vine being wrapped round and chewed together with the areka nut, as if nature indicated the propriety of blending them, in order to correct the bitterness of the betel by the aromatic flavour of the areka. The anodyne property of the former renders it a peculiar favourite of the natives. Its intoxicating nature procures alleviation to the poor distressed Indian, softens the acuteness of poignant reflection, and delights the imagination with Utopian bliss. No wonder these inoffensive mortals should seek a softener of their cares which nature has allotted them. In no quarter of the earth has Providence omitted to scatter her bounties: she has every where provided an asylum for the afflicted, a solace to the oppressed, and the means of comforting and exhilarating human nature under the severest trials.

The areka is most frequently met with in Siam, the Moluccas, Cambodia, and Cochin China. It is more prolific along the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, and flourishes in the neighbouring isles of Sumatra, Pulo Penang, &c. The East India company purchase twenty thousand nuts, or about 260lb. weight, for about 2000 settees, equal to 2 dls. 10 cts., though others pay 6 cents a pound.

The betel is cultivated in most parts of India, and turns round props like the hop-plant. The leaf approaching the laurel, and the blossom the pear, it makes a pretty appearance; and the leaf, with the areka and chunam, a lime produced from calcined shells, furnishes one of the greatest luxuries in the east: it is every where presented as the first offering of friendship, and considered as the emblem of the highest respect.

The soil best adapted to the betel is a rich loam or heavy clay, and, like the manchineel of Barbadoes, it skirts the coasts of the ocean.

For the Literary Magazine.

FEMALE CLOTHING.

THE English fashion in dress among the ladies has given rise to the following judicious remarks, which are now, or shortly will be, for all English fashions are itinerant, quite as applicable to our own modes.

The materials of female clothing are now almost entirely of cotton, and that of the finest and slenderest fabric. Every lady now, in her full dress, or rather undress, is an oriental queen, or a princess of the Fortunate islands, floating, like a bird of Paradise, in a cloud of airy plumage, scarcely palpable to the touch. Shrouded from head to foot in combustibles, she adds a length of train reaching beyond any common estimate of personal proximity; and every sudden turn in the neighbourhood of a fire or a candle exposes

her to as much hazard as the moth fluttering round the evening taper. Seldom a week passes without some dreadful story of a female martyr to fashion, whose sufferings exceed those of former martyrs to religion at the stake, without the hope of a future recompence. Who can affirm that women are by nature timid, when they consent daily to undergo as much danger by their fire-sides, as the soldier in the field, or the sailor on the ocean?

But the mischiefs produced by cold in consequence of the present mode, though less obvious and alarming, are much more numerous. Our changeful and habitually cold and moist climate is peculiarly productive of that fatal disease the consumption, to which none are so liable as delicate females in the first bloom of life. No guard against it is equally important with the preservation of an equable warmth over the whole surface of the body; for the sympathy between the lungs and the skin infallibly renders a partial application of cold to the latter, the cause of disorder in the former. The progress from a cold to a cough, and from the latter to a consumption, is so frequent, and in some constitutions so rapid, that no common danger from disease at the age of puberty can be compared with it. Nor is it possible to conceive any mode of dress more calculated to produce inequality of bodily temperature than that of modern fashionable females. I acknowledge, that to meet them in the streets, wrapt up in pelisses, and buried in fur muffs and tippets, they seem as impenetrable to cold as the animals from which they borrow their shaggy spoils. But how different their appearance in the parlour or drawing-room, where some of the very parts which are most guarded abroad are reduced to absolute nudity! I do not pretend to deny that comfortable flannel may lurk under an exterior coating of fine muslin; but their elbows and arms! think of their poor, cold, red elbows and arms! By the bye, I will venture to suggest, and I be-

lieve I shall have even the *young* men on my side, that the fair sex in general were never more out in their politics than when they chose to treat us with the view of a part of their persons which is very rarely a captivating spectacle, and often much the reverse. Necks and shoulders, too, we may certainly say, are out of the region of flannel; and I suspect that the delicate ankle, which has lately so much grown upon us, has rarely a second covering. On the whole, I can never on a cold day behold a young lady in her Chamberry or muslins, her transparent drapery and her nudities, without a sympathetic shudder; and when I seriously reflect on the manifold dangers to which she is exposed, I lament that so fair a thing should be so perishable. When shall we see again the good times of silks and satins, stuffs and calimancoes?

For the Literary Magazine.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AND IDEAS
OF THE GREEKS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the melancholy gloom which the ancients cast over all their ideas of death and the grave, both in their moral and poetical writings, they appear in reality to have endeavoured as much as possible to lighten those impressions, and place at a distance those dark phantoms of the imagination. Accordingly, the deep and solemn sadness attending our Gothic burials, the black shades of yews and cypresses, the dreary charnel-house and vaulted sepulchre, the terrific appendages of mouldering bones, and winding sheets,

The knell, the shroud, the mattock,
and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness,
and the worm,

which from custom form so great a part of the horror we feel at the

thoughts of death, were to them unknown. The corpse consumed by funeral fires, and the ashes inclosed in urns and deposited in the earth, presented no offensive object or idea. Besides, to dissipate the sorrow of the living, or perhaps with a desire to gratify the spirit of the dead, wines were poured and flowers scattered over the grave. These last pious offices were called the grateful tributes of love and veneration. The manes of the deceased, still wandering about the place of interment, might perhaps partake of the libation or enjoy the odour: at least his memory would be honoured, and his ghost delighted.

Whatever may have been the original purpose of these ceremonies, we find repeated allusions to them in the poets. Anacreon mentions the rose as being particularly grateful. The tomb of Achilles was adorned with the amaranth. Electra complains that her father's grave had never been decked with myrtle boughs. Anacreon, in another passage, alludes still more forcibly and beautifully to the same custom:

Why do we precious ointments show'r,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flow'rs why do we shed
Upon the mon'uments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live;
Now your wines and ointments give.
After death I nothing crave;
Let me alive my pleasures have;
All are stoics in the grave. }

We have an epigram by Leonidas exactly to the same purpose:

Seek not to glad these senseless stones
With fragrant ointments, rosy
wreathes:
No warmth can reach my mouldering
bones
From lustral fire that vainly breathes.

Now let me revel while I may;
The wine that o'er my tomb is shed
Mixes with earth and turns to clay;
No honours can delight the dead.

Hence we may collect, that offerings of this nature were made with a view of gratifying the deceased; and it seems to have been a very prevailing notion among many nations besides the Greeks, that men after death retain the same passions and appetites that distinguished them when living.

Quæ gratia currûm
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascero equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

In Lycophron, a mountain is placed between the tombs of two enemies, lest their manes may be offended at seeing the funeral honours paid to each other. An epigram of Bianor's contains a similar idea, attended with a circumstance of singular horror.

In Thebes the sons of OEdipus are laid;
 But not the tomb's all desolating shade,
 The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
 Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
 Even hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres,
 Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
 Unhappy boys! for whom high love ordains
 Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains.

I recollect somewhere to have met with a story of two Scandinavian heroes, who having, like these Grecian brothers fallen by mutual wounds, were buried together, while yet living, on the field of battle, and some centuries after, as the legend relates, were discovered still fighting with unabated rage, with the addition that one of them had gnawed his adversary's head to the skull.

I will produce a few examples of the monumental inscriptions of the Greeks, among which will be found some of the best and most affecting epigrams that have come down to us. On the same melancholy occasion which dictated a beautiful little poem of Meleager's, there is another scarcely inferior by the poetess Erinæ.

I mark the spot where Delia's ashes lie.
 Whoe'er thou art that passes silent by
 This simple column, grac'd by many a tear,
 Call the fierce monarch of the shades severe.
 These mystic ornaments too plainly shew
 The cruel fate of her who lies below.
 With the same torch that Hymen gladly led
 Th' expecting virgin to the genial bed,
 Her weeping husband lit the fun'ral pyre,
 And saw the dreary flames of death aspire.
 Thou too, oh Hymen! bad'st the jocund lay
 That hail'd thy festive season, die away,
 Chang'd for the sighs of woe, and groans of deep dismay.

There is an allusion in this epigram to another custom of the Greeks, who frequently adorned the tomb with symbols indicating the peculiar circumstances attending the death of the deceased.

The affecting incident of an unfortunate woman dying in a foreign land, surrounded by strangers, is preserved in the following lines of Tynnès, who has accompanied it with the excellent consolation of philosophy. Philænis was a native of Egypt, and died in Crete at the town of Eleuthernæ.

Grieve not, Philænis, tho' condemn'd to die
 Far from thy parent land and native sky,
 Tho' strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
 And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle.
 To all on death's last dreary journey bound
 The road is equal, and alike the ground.

Of the following epigram the thoughts are affecting and beautiful. I have added to it a few lines preserved from the works of Antiphanes, which are applicable to the subject, and contains one of the most cheerful grounds of consolation which religion allows us to indulge upon the death of friends:

When those whom love and blood en-
 dear
 Lie cold upon the funeral bier,
 How fruitless are our tears of woe,
 How vain the grief that bids them flow!
 Those friends lamented are not dead,
 But gone the path we all must tread;
 They only to that distant shore
 Where all must go, have sail'd before.
 Shine but to-morrow's sun, and we,
 Compell'd by equal destiny,
 To the same inn shall come, where they
 To welcome our arrival stay.

The following epigrams are marked with a high degree of sensibility.

How often, Lycid, will I bathe with
 tears
 This little stone which our great love
 endears;
 But you, rememb'ring what to me you
 owe,
 Drink not of Lethe in the shades below.

Oh had no vent'rous keel defied the
 deep,
 Then had not Lycid floated on the
 brine.
 For him, the youth belov'd, we passing
 weep,
 A name lamented, and an empty shrine.

The former is interesting as having probably suggested to Dr. Jortin an idea contained in one of the most beautiful Latin poems of this description to be met with in modern poetry:

Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt, Pæta, ju-
 ventâ,
 O, utinam me crudelia fata vocent:
 Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina solis;
 Utque tuus rursùm corpore sim posito.
 Te sequar; obscuram per ter dux ibit
 eunti
 Fidus amor, tenebras lampade discu-
 tiens.
 Tu cave Lethæo contingas ora liquore;
 Et citò venturi sis memor, oro, viri.

O might the cruel death which ravish'd
 thee
 In youth's soft prime, my Pæta, call on
 me,
 That I may leave this earth, this hated
 light,
 To dwell with thee amidst the realms
 of night!

I'll follow thee; Love through obscurest
 hell
 Shall guide, and with his torch the
 shades dispel.
 But oh! beware the touch of Lethe's
 wave!
 Remember him who hastens to thy
 grave!

This latter, as appears from the last verse, was an inscription on a cenotaph. Epigrams of this kind on celebrated characters are numerous, and not all of great merit, but they well deserve that a good selection should be made of them.

In their thoughts and reflections on death, mankind have ever had in view some idea of a consciousness that remains and lingers round the *pleasing, anxious* solitudes and scenes of life. They have ever imagined to themselves a spirit after death, that busied itself in protecting the fame and character of their lives, that was yet alive to slights or honours paid to the grosser and earthy parts. And the delicate Tibullus suffers himself to be so far led away by these ideas, that he has prescribed the very mode of burial, and named the very persons whom he wishes to appear as mourners over his funeral. The whole elegy is full of tenderness. He thus sings:

Cruel the man that labour'd to divide
 The youth and maid by tender love al-
 lied;
 And hard was he, who could the theft
 forgive,
 Bear with his sorrow, and endure to live.
 Absence from her in vain I try to brave:
 I yield, and grief consigns me to the
 grave.
 And when a slender shade I shall as-
 pire
 From mouldering embers and the fune-
 ral pyre,
 May sad Neera to my pile repair
 With tears (how precious!), and un-
 braided hair,
 Mix'd with a mother's sighs her sorrow
 pour,
 And one a husband, one a child deplore.
 With words of fond regret and broken
 sigh,
 Please the poor shade that hovering lin-
 gers nigh,

With pious rites my cherish'd bones
adorn,
The last sad remnant of the youth they
mourn.

Nor grudge my thirsting ashes to en-
shrine

With purest milk bedew'd, and purple
wine,

And dry the show'r by fond affection
shed,

Or ere they place them in their marble
bed.

In that sad house, may every fra-
grance stor'd

That warm Assyria's perfum'd meads
afford,

And grief from Memory's tearful fount
that flows,

Soothe my charm'd spirit, and my bones
compose.

But on my tomb, beside the public way,
May some memorial to the stranger say,

"Here Albius sleeps; a prey to grief he
fell,

"Deserted by the maid he lov'd too
well."

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDISON A PUNSTER.

THERE are no works so famous for the abundance and purity of their wit as those of Addison, Steele, and their colleagues. They not only abound with examples of the best kind of wit, but they are extremely earnest in inculcating an abhorrence and contempt of all spurious wit, all puns, quibbles, and conundrums; and yet there is one particular in which they egregiously fail in adhering to their own precepts. In turning over the *Spectator*, it will be found that this very word, *spectator*, has been made the groundwork of a greater number and variety of puns, than any word in the English language. There are continually allusions made to the double sense which it bears, as an ordinary word, and as the title of their paper; and if any thing deserves the name of pun, I think it is this.

x.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPLAR WORM.

THERE has lately been considerable alarm excited in almost all parts of the United States respecting the poisonous properties of a worm, said to be found only on the newly imported poplar. This tree was introduced into North America, about eighteen or twenty years ago, by W. Hamilton, Esq. of the Woodlands, from whose original nursery it has since spread itself, with astonishing rapidity, to the remotest parts of the country. Till the present summer, no public or general rumour of the existence of this worm has taken place. Whether this reptile now exists for the first time, or whether this dangerous property is now, for the first time, acquired, or whether it has only accidentally escaped observation till now, or whether, in fine, there is any truth in this tale of horror, are all points on which the public curiosity has been very active. Some persons, especially in the eastern states, have been so much terrified by this rumour, that they have cut down whole rows of flourishing poplars, on which they had previously bestowed their fondest cares.

The most authentic and satisfactory experiments on this head which have hitherto appeared are the following, the account of which has appeared in a Philadelphia daily paper.

To the Editor of the American Daily Advertiser.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

In compliance with thy request, I have ventured to send thee, for publication, an account of some experiments made on a worm found on the Lombardy poplar trees.

As I was passing through Southwark yesterday morning, I met with a person of respectability, who obligingly furnished me with three of those worms. On my return home, I immediately commenced

my experiments on a full sized cat. About twenty minutes after being stung or bitten she was evidently sick, and I began to conclude that the reports respecting the deleterious power of the worm were correct, but, on enquiry, it appeared that the cat had been at times affected nearly in the same way, when there was no reason to suspect the worm as the cause; at any rate, she recovered.

Two pups were procured, and subjected to the same experiment. At the time I was engaged with the smallest one, the worm was so highly irritated, that it ejected a considerable quantity of fluid matter. Suspecting that this might be the poisonous principle, I immediately inoculated the pup in four places, but without effect; and in neither instance was there a fatal result. If there was any variation from their natural habits, it was a disposition to sleep, which might possibly have been occasioned by the fatigue following the efforts they made to disengage themselves from the confinement which was imposed on them.

In the afternoon I went to the Pennsylvania hospital, and obtained five of the worms, which were taken from the trees in the yard. A kitten, about one third grown, was procured, and in the presence of my medical friends, Dr. Thomas Bryant, and Samuel Hopkins, together with William Johnson, steward of that institution, all of whom very obligingly assisted me in the greater part of the experiments, the kitten was repeatedly bitten about the nose and mouth, but no ill effects ensued, except momentary pain at the time of receiving the bite.

This morning, the experiments were renewed at the hospital. Two young kittens, of different litters, were repeatedly bitten about the nose and mouth. The crying of one of the kittens afforded an opportunity for the worm to pass within the mouth, and probably to sting or bite the tongue, for the little creature slavered considerably, and appeared for some time to be labouring under

symptoms of local pain; but after a while they subsided, and the result, in both instances, was the same as yesterday.

A fine half grown pup, who was the subject of yesterday's experiment, was treated as follows: the roof of the mouth was scarified in several places, and an incision, about three quarters of an inch in length, was made in the tongue. Immediately after this, a worm was introduced into the mouth, and the jaws closed for one minute. On permitting him to open them, it was discovered that he had swallowed the worm. He appeared to labour under some slight indisposition for more than an hour, but he eventually recovered, and became very lively.

Another small pup, of a different litter, was the subject of the following experiment. I made an incision through the skin, about three quarters of an inch long, and carefully dissected it on each side, so as to form a superficial yet gaping wound. A fresh worm was applied to the part, and very soon ejected a greenish coloured fluid, which filled the wound. In addition to this, the little animal was several times bitten in the incised part; but the result was equally favourable. The mouth of the same pup was scarified in several places, and one of the worms being cut in half, the divided part with the head was immediately introduced into it, and kept there for two minutes; at the expiration of that time the portion of worm was taken out, and no injury resulted.

Another young kitten was confined for a short time in a small vessel containing six of the worms, without receiving any injury.

I have now simply related the facts that have come under my observation, with a hope that they may throw some light on a subject which has lately excited considerable attention, and awakened the serious apprehensions of many citizens.— And although I have no doubt that the cat mentioned in the gazette of yesterday actually died in the presence of the persons alluded to, yet

whether her death was occasioned by the sting or bite of the worm, is a circumstance that is at least doubtful.

I have compared several of the worms used in the experiments with those left at the Museum, and find them to be of exactly the same kind.

JOS. PARRISH.

Philadelphia, 7th mo. 2d.

In opposition to the above plain and authentic statements in favour of the poplar, we have nothing to produce but vague and anonymous rumours. That these rumours are entirely groundless would be no violent supposition, but this supposition is not absolutely necessary. We find no difficulty in admitting that they may possibly be true. Persons stung or bitten by this worm may have actually died in consequence, and still the venomousness of this worm would not inevitably follow: because there are numerous instances on record of persons dying in consequence of the scratch of a pin, or the sting of a wasp, a bee, or even a musquito. Such instances, instead of proving any deadly poison in the pin or the insect, only prove that the human constitution may sometimes be in such a state that the slightest puncture may totally destroy it. Many worms are known to be injurious somewhat in the same way with the poplar worm. Even the silk worm, if held in the hand for a very short time, will cause a severe and sometimes dangerous inflammation.

The poplar is a native of Thrace and Asia Minor, and has been for ages naturalized in the southern and middle parts of Europe. All its good and bad qualities have probably been ascertained in these countries for a long time past. Can nobody procure for us the results of European observations on this tree? Nowhere indeed has it been so lately introduced, or been equally popular, as in the United States. Nowhere does it occupy so much of the streets and avenues of towns and cities. Nowhere, therefore, have

its good and bad qualities been of so much importance, or equally deserving attention; but unless we suppose that transplantation to a new soil and new climate has endowed it with new properties, all the knowledge of it that our safety and convenience require cannot fail to be procured from Spain, France, and Italy. Is there any account of the agricultural, economical, or medicinal properties of this tree to be found in books? If there is, the studious ought to explore it: and, as lovers of their country, they are bound to make their discoveries as public as possible.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF THE LION.

By the Sieur Frejus.

IT is true there be very many lions in Mauritania; but that the Arabs take pains to breed them, and feed them amongst their flocks, is a perfect mockery. If it sometimes happens that an Arab finds a lion's den in which there are some young ones newly whelped, he presently carries them to the christians, to see if they will buy them. Thus I had two brought me, a male and female, which I brought up for two or three years so tame, that they went up and down our warehouse amongst our antelopes and such other creatures. The male lion was so familiar, though a large one, that he often came and lay with me, and once did me very good service; for in a moonshine night some Arabs came up into my chamber, with a design to have robbed me; but as soon as they saw a lion lying by me, they ran away, crying out one to another, *Endon seba*—"There is a lion." This Mr. Amabrique told me, who accidentally was out of his chamber, and seeing my door open, and hearing the Arabs say this, he came in, wakened me, and told me what hap-

pened. This male lion was very tame, but the lioness was mischievous, and she once hurt a little Moor, and complaint was presently made to the governor, who took them away from me, and put them between four walls; but not long after there fell great rains, which flung down the walls, which were only made of mud, and in the night time the lions got out, went into a stable which was open, over against the king's palace, and being almost famished they made a great slaughter among the horses and mules. This made so great a noise, that the whole town was alarmed, every one ran to his arms, and thus my poor lions were killed.

Once as we were hunting the wild-boar, we were all surprised that our horses made a stand on the sudden, and the dogs crept under our horses' legs. We presently cried out one to the other, "Certainly there is a lion hereabouts;" and in truth we were not a little affrighted to see one pass by us, within fifteen or twenty paces of us. He stopped to view us, and seeing we stirred not, he walked on very stately. He was higher than any of our horses, and marched with a most majestic gravity, swinging about in a terrible manner his great tufted tail. We knew the nature of a lion is not to suffer any either to fly from him or to attack him, for whoever doth so, in three leaps he most assuredly seizes upon him: wherefore we durst not venture to shoot at him, and to fly from him was impossible, for the most courageous horses tremble like a leaf at the sight of a lion.

Mr. Caliron, of Montpellier, and Mr. Vanlybergen, of Rouen, who both loved hunting very well, being informed that there was a pond where lions and wild-boars came in the night to drink, they agreed to go there and build a hut in the day, and wait in it all night, and kill these creatures as fast as they came to drink. This design succeeded so well, that they destroyed fourteen lions and wild-boars, and flayed the

largest, bringing away their skins with them.

The following story was related to me in that country by very credible persons.

About the year 1614 or 1615, two christian slaves at Morocco resolving to make their escape, agreed to do it by night, and to travel all the night, and in the day-time to hide themselves in the tops of the trees, that they may not be discovered by the Arabs, who would certainly have brought them back into slavery. They knew that the sea-coast lay from them just north, and that in eight or ten days they might get thither, and that it would not be very difficult for them to carry or find out provisions for so short a time. According to their design they escaped by night, and having travelled till day-break, they then climbed up a tree, where they passed the day much troubled and afflicted to see the Arabs pass frequently by them; besides, as soon as it was known in Morocco that two slaves were run away, presently several horsemen went out in search of them. But when night came, the two slaves continued on their journey till the next morning, and then seeking out for a tree to hide themselves, they were astonished to see a great lion just by them, which walked when they walked, and stood still when they stood still. Observing which, they concluded that this was a safe-conduct sent them by Providence, and then they took courage, and travelled in the day time, in company with the lion. When the horsemen who went in pursuit of them overtook them, and would have seized on them, the lion interposed himself, which made the horsemen stand still, who, being struck with admiration, let them pass on. The like did several others; for every day these poor fugitives met with some or other who attempted to seize them, till at last they reached the sea-side in safety, where the lion left them, and they went into the town of Masagan. There the two poor slaves related

this miracle, which was confirmed at Morocco by the Arabs who returned from pursuing them, and the news of this was dispersed every where as a great and constant truth.

I was told the following story by my intimate friend, Paul Le Bel, called Tager Paulo (Tager signifying a merchant), in whose place I remained when he went away from Morocco.

About the year 1615, the whole town of Morocco went out to see two terrible fierce creatures, a lion and a wild-boar, which lay wounded in a tuft of reeds, hard by the gate of the city, and died, the one presently after the other. The lion was rent up with the tusks of the wild-boar, and the boar torn in pieces with the teeth and claws of the lion. They had fought all the night in the tuft of reeds, which they had beaten down and trampled on, which all the christians, Moors, and Jews, went to see; for in those countries the wild-boars are most furious creatures, especially in brimming-time, which is about March.



For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

NO. III.

MARRIAGE is one of those things in which caution, admonition, and foresight are most useful and most necessary. More light is thrown upon this subject by experience than on any other; but the dictates of one man's experience is not only seldom of any advantage to others, but very rarely of any use to himself. Those who are entering on the state, listen with a fatal and unconquerable incredulity to those whose experience qualifies them most to counsel or forewarn them; and those who have opportunities of gathering wisdom from their own experience, are generally found to act, when they have the power of

acting, with as much blindness and temerity as ever.

I have sometimes, though rarely, observed in young people some instances of prudence; but this prudence I never saw exerted, except on the article of fortune or money. Such persons allow its full force to the objection that arises from their own poverty, or that of the selected object; but, unhappily, this kind of caution is usually coupled with a mean and sordid spirit, and, though it guards its possessor from making a bad choice in one respect, yet he is, on that account, only the more liable to make a bad choice in other respects of much more consequence. The wife or husband finally preferred may be rich enough, but their character or temper may, in some respect, be so modified that even wealth shall be found insufficient to secure happiness. Beside, this pecuniary prudence is continually liable to disappointment and mistake. In a commercial country like ours, the evidences of property are so fallacious, its duration, even when real, is exposed to so many accidents, as to set all prudential calculations at defiance. Where women have married for wealth, the chances are a thousand to one in favour of immediate or ultimate disappointment. When men marry women for the same consideration, they expose themselves to peculiar hazards and mortifications. A female's expectations are generally founded on the wealth of parents and relations. Their prospects are therefore altogether uncertain as to time, and miserably precarious in all other respects, since appearances are just as likely to delude the observer in this case as in the other, since all depends upon the whims and caprices, as well as the good fortune and good conduct, of the kinsman, and since the interval between the acquisition of a wife and the gaining her fortune is sure to be replete with every evil most intolerable to a proud, independent, generous, or irritable spirit.

On the subject of marriage in general I never met with more reasonableness and good sense than in the following remarks of a comparatively old author.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man, who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuit, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides, it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has the strongest mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should be allowed to strike root and gather strength, before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the image in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved.

There is nothing of so great importance to us as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is fortune. Where the parties chuse for themselves, their thoughts turn most on the person. They have both reason. The first aim at procuring many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interest they espouse; and, at the same time, may reasonably hope that the prosperity of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpe-

tual feast. A good person not only raises but continues love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder when the first ardours of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it will probably be embittered with numberless fears and jealousies.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find a hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on table, train, and equipage, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude than consult our proper interests. It is one of the most unaccountable propensities of human nature that makes us take greater pains to appear easy and happy to others than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriage, yet it scarcely enters our thoughts at the time of contracting it. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a certain character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and wary as to the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and negligent on that head. However perfect and accomplished the person appear to you at a distance, you will find many

blemishes and imperfections in her humour on a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age than the aversion and ridicule which is sometimes expressed for this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together, in a constant uniform course of virtue.

For the Literary Magazine.

LEARNED TRIFLING.

GREAT men have sometimes been found as capable of trifling as foolish ones. The old maxim, *Sapientes est desipere in loco*, *The wise may sometimes dare to play the fool*, has been practically exemplified, on some occasions, by the wisest of mankind. Newton is said to have taken great pleasure in making a kitten run after the end of a whip which he trailed along the floor. Stillingfleet was a great *amateur* of jack-straws. Haller did not disdain, now and then, to seek recreation in a game of push-pin with his children; and to turn the dining-table into a field of battle, the glasses into fortified towns, the wine into rivers and lakes, and spoonfuls of

salt into causeways and bridges, has been the favourite amusement of many a celebrated general.

There is another species of trifling, in which we sometimes catch men of the greatest genius indulging themselves. It consists in playing with words, and losing themselves in an endless maze of riddles, charades, and a thousand other *ludæ*, which the verbal anatomists have not provided with names.

Every reader knows how much dean Swift and his friends delighted in this kind of amusement. Some of their effusions indeed are so mysterious and so extensive, that they could not fail to have cost them very considerable pains and labour.—There is something peculiarly agreeable in these exercises, because they require only resolution and perseverance to execute or explain them, and because they afford to the mind that which constitutes its true happiness, employment, without demanding of us any thing more than a little learning, and dispensing altogether with genius.

The following sport of memory has been ascribed to Cowper, and is an amusing instance of the manner in which the gravest mind will sometimes unbend itself. It will appear still more singular and grotesque when we consider it as a dedication of his moral poems.

To the Rev. John Newton.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose that nobody knows whether what I have got be verse or not; by the tone and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did ever you see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ charity, not for popularity, but grave as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, "To be sure the gentleman's muse wears methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the

taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch if she can the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction: she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come with a sugar plumb." His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend my principal end. And if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run many a time after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook write another book, if I live and am here another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in you were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound down to the ground, from your humble me,

W. C.

For the Literary Magazine.

NEW YORK.

THE city of New York lies in N. lat. $40^{\circ} 42' 8''$; W. long. $74^{\circ} 9' 45''$; at the confluence of the river Hudson and Long Island sound or the East river; and on the southern and

narrow extremity of Manhattan Island, which is about fifteen miles in length, and from one to two in breadth. The site of the city, as it originally stood, was very irregular, being broken into hills and declivities, and indented with small rivulets or creeks, skirted with marsh. Many of the hills are levelled; but the marshy grounds, though covered with houses and pavement, are still low and moist. The city is about twenty-seven miles from the ocean, and is washed on both sides with water of great depth, whose current is very rapid, whose tide ebbs and flows, about six feet, and which is nearly as salt as that of the neighbouring sea. On both sides of the city considerable encroachments have been made on the water by artificial ground, the whole extent of which may be computed at not less than 132 acres. Of this, 90 acres lie along the East river, and 42 along the Hudson. The portion of it on the East river forms that part of the city where malignant fevers have always first become epidemic and chiefly prevailed. The wharves and docks are constructed of logs and loose stones. All the fresh water used by the inhabitants is procured from wells within the city, and is now become extremely impure. The population of New York may be estimated at about 80,000.

For the Literary Magazine.

CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

I HAVE been very much amused with reading the Memoirs of Cumberland, a work lately published, and containing many valuable anecdotes of persons and books that have attracted much of the notice of the world. The author has not acquired much fame, except on account of a few popular comedies. Few writers, indeed, have been so voluminous, and at the same time have written so little that is likely to last longer

than himself. He has been an epic, tragic, and comic poet; but his single epic, and his many tragedies, have been read by few, and by nobody twice; and only three or four, among a score or two of his comedies, are of sterling merit or durable reputation. The most interesting parts of these memoirs are those which relate to other people. When he speaks only of himself, he has little to say that is worth hearing for its own sake, and that little does not acquire much additional importance by any peculiar felicity in his mode of saying it.

My readers will, I hope, find something new and something amusing in the following passages, extracted from this work. They will probably be found to contain all that is interesting in the volume.

—
Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

In the parish of Hammersmith lived Mr. Dodington, at a splendid villa, which, by the rule of contraries, he was pleased to call La Trappe, and his inmates and familiars the monks of the convent: these were Mr. Windham, his relation, whom he made his heir, sir William Breton, privy purse to the king, and Dr. Thompson, a physician out of practice; these gentlemen formed a very curious society of very opposite characters; in short, it was a trio consisting of a misanthrope, a courtier, and a quack. Mr. Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, was occasionally a visitor, but not an inmate, as those above-mentioned. How a man of Dodington's sort came to single out men of their sort, except Mr. Glover, is hard to say; but though his instruments were never in unison, he managed to make music out of them all. He could make and find amusement in contrasting the sullenness of a grumbletonian with the egregious vanity and self-conceit of an antiquated coxcomb; and as for the doctor, he was a jack-pudding ready to his hand at any time. He was

understood to be Dodington's body-physician; but I believe he cared very little about his patient's health, and his patient cared still less about his prescriptions; and when, in his capacity of superintendant of his patron's dietetics, he cried out, one morning at breakfast, to have the *muffins* taken away, Dodington aptly enough cried out, at the same time, to the servant to take away the *rag-gamuffin*; and, truth to say, a more dirty animal than poor Thompson was never seen on the outside of a pig-stye; yet he had the plea of poverty and no passion for cold water.

It is a short and pleasant mile from this villa to the parsonage house of Fulham, and Mr. Dodington having visited us with great politeness, I became a frequent guest at La Trappe, and passed a good deal of my time with him there, in London also, and occasionally in Dorsetshire. He was certainly one of the most extraordinary men of his time; and as I had opportunities of contemplating his character in all its various points of view, I trust my readers will not regret that I have devoted some pages to the further delineation of it.

In the summer I went to Eastbury, the seat of Mr. Dodington, in Dorsetshire. Lord Halifax, with his brother-in-law, colonel Johnstone, of the blues, paid a visit there, and the countess dowager of Stafford and old lady Hervey were resident with us the whole time. Our splendid host was excelled by no man in doing the honours of his house and table; to the ladies he had all the courtly and profound devotion of a Spaniard, with the ease and gaiety of a Frenchman towards the men. His mansion was magnificent, massy, and stretching out to a great extent of front, with an enormous portico of Doric columns, ascended by a stately flight of steps; there were turrets and wings that went I know not whither, though now they are levelled with the ground, and gone to more ignoble uses. Vanbrugh, who constructed this superb edifice, seemed to have had the plan of

Blenheim in his thoughts, and the interior was as proud and splendid as the exterior was bold and imposing. All this was exactly in unison with the taste of its magnificent owner, who had gilt and furnished the apartments with a profusion of finery, that kept no terms with simplicity, and not always with elegance or harmony of style. Whatever Mr. Dodington's revenue then was, he had the happy art of managing it with that regularity and economy, that I believe he made more display at less cost than any man in the kingdom but himself could have done. His town house in Pall Mall, his villa at Hammer-smith, and the mansion above described, were such establishments as few nobles in the nation were possessed of. In either of these he was not to be approached but through a suite of apartments, and rarely seated but under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. In his villa you were conducted through two rows of antique marble statues, ranged in a gallery floored with the rarest marbles, and enriched with columns of granite and lapis lazuli; his saloon was hung with the finest Gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacock's feathers in the style of Mrs. Montague. When he passed from Pall Mall to La Trappe it was always in a coach, which I could suspect had been his ambassadorial equipage at Madrid, drawn by six fat unwieldy black horses, short docked, and of colossal dignity: neither was he less characteristic in apparel than in equipage; he had a wardrobe loaded with rich and flaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer, and of these I have no doubt but many were coeval with his embassy above-mentioned, and every birth-day had added to the stock. In doing this, he so contrived as never to put his old dresses out of countenance by any variations in the fashion of the new. In the mean time, his bulk and corpulency gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and em-

broidery, and this, when set off with an enormous tye-periwig and deep laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit, or Quin in his stage dress; nevertheless, it must be confessed this style, though out of date, was not out of character, but harmonized so well with the person of the wearer, that I remember when he made his first speech in the house of peers, as lord Melcombe, all the flashes of his wit, all the studied phrases and well-turned periods of his rhetoric, lost their effect, simply because the orator had laid aside his magisterial tye, and put on a modern bag wig, which was as much out of costume upon the broad expanse of his shoulders, as a cue would have been upon the robes of the lord chief justice.

Having thus dilated more than perhaps I should have done upon this distinguished person's passion for magnificence and display, when I proceed to enquire into those principles of good taste, which should naturally have been the accompaniments and directors of that magnificence, I fear I must be compelled by truth to admit that in these he was deficient. Of pictures he seemed to take his estimate only by their cost; in fact he was not possessed of any; but I recollect his saying to me one day, in his great saloon at Eastbury, that if he had half a score pictures of a thousand pounds a-piece, he would gladly decorate his walls with them; in place of which, I am sorry to say, he had stuck up immense patches of gilt leather, shaped into bugle horns, upon hangings of rich crimson velvet, and round his state bed he displayed a carpeting of gold and silver embroidery, which too glaringly betrayed its derivation from coat, waistcoat, and breeches, by the testimony of pockets, button-holes, and loops, with other equally incontrovertible witnesses, subpoena'd from the tailor's shopboard. When he paid his court at St. James's to the present queen upon her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand decked in an em-

broidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches, the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner.

In the higher provinces of taste we may contemplate his character with more pleasure, for he had an ornamented fancy and a brilliant wit. He was an elegant Latin classic, and well versed in history, ancient and modern. His favourite prose writer was Tacitus, and I scarce ever surprised him in his hours of reading without finding that author upon his table before him. He understood him well, and descanted upon him very agreeably, and with much critical acumen. Mr. Dodington was in nothing more remarkable than in ready perspicuity and clear discernment of a subject thrown before him on a sudden; take his first thoughts then, and he would charm you; give him time to ponder and refine, you would perceive the spirit of his sentiments and the vigour of his genius evaporate by the process; for though his first view of the question would be a wide one, and clear withal, when he came to exercise the subtlety of his disquisitorial powers upon it, he would so ingeniously dissect and break it into fractions, that as an object, when looked upon too intently for a length of time, grows misty and confused, so would the question under his discussion, when the humour took him to be hypercritical. Hence it was that his impromptus in parliament were generally more admired than his studied speeches, and his first suggestions in the councils of his party better attended to than his prepared opinions.

Being a man of humble birth, he seemed to have an innate respect for titles, and none bowed with more devotion to the robes and fasces of high rank and office. He was decidedly aristocratic: he paid his court to Walpole in panegyric poems, apologizing for his presumption by reminding him, that it was

better to be pelted with roses than with rotten eggs: to Chesterfield, to Winnington, Pulteney, Fox, and the luminaries of his early time, he offered up the oblations of his genius, and incensed them with all the odours of his wit: in his latter days, and within the period of my acquaintance with him, the earl of Bute, in the plenitude of his power, was the god of his idolatry. That noble lord was himself too much a man of letters and a patron of the sciences to overlook a witty head, that bowed so low; he accordingly put a coronet upon it, which, like the *barren sceptre* in the hand of Macbeth, merely served as a ticket for the coronation procession, and having nothing else to leave to posterity in memory of its owner, left its mark upon the lid of his coffin.

During my stay at Eastbury, we were visited by the late Mr. Henry Fox and Mr. alderman Beckford: the solid good sense of the former, and the dashing loquacity of the latter, formed a striking contrast between the characters of these gentlemen. To Mr. Fox our host paid all that courtly homage, which he so well knew how to time and where to apply; to Beckford he did not observe the same attentions, but in the happiest flow of his raillery and wit combated this intrepid talker with admirable effect. It was an interlude truly comic and amusing. Beckford, loud, voluble, self-sufficient, and galled by hits, which he could not parry, and probably did not expect, laid himself more and more open in the vehemence of his argument; Dodington, lolling in his chair in perfect apathy and self-command, dosing and even snoring at intervals, in his lethargic way, broke out, every now and then, into such gleams and flashes of wit and irony, as, by the contrast of his phlegm with the other's impetuosity, made his humour irresistible, and set the table in a roar. He was here upon his very strongest ground, for no man was better calculated to exemplify how true the observation is,

Ridiculum acri,
Fortius ac melius.—

At the same time, he had his serious hours and graver topics, which he would handle with all due solemnity of thought and language, and these were to me some of the most pleasing hours I have passed with him, for he could keep close to his point, if he would, and could be not less argumentative than he was eloquent, when the question was of magnitude enough to interest him. It is with singular satisfaction I can truly say, that I never knew him flippant upon sacred subjects. He was, however, generally courted and admired as a gay companion rather than as a grave one.

I have said that the dowager ladies Stafford and Hervey made part of our domestic society; and as the trivial amusement of cards was never resorted to in Mr. Dodington's house, it was his custom in the evenings to entertain his company with reading, and in this art he excelled. His selections, however, were curious, for he treated these ladies with the whole of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, in which he certainly consulted his own turn for irony rather than their's for elegance; but he set it off with much humour after his manner, and they were polite enough to be pleased, or at least to appear as if they were.

His readings from Shakespeare were altogether as whimsical, for he chose his passages only where buffoonery was the character of the scene; one of these, I remember, was that of the clown, who brings the asp to Cleopatra. He had, however, a manuscript copy of Glover's *Medea*, which he gave us *con amore*, for he was extremely warm in his praises of that classical drama, which Mrs. Yates afterwards brought upon the stage, and played in it with her accustomed excellence. He did me also the honour to devote an evening to the reading of some lines, which I had hastily written, to the amount of about four hundred, partly complimentary to him as my host,

and in part consolatory to lord Halifax, upon the event of his retiring from public office. They flattered the politics then in favour with Mr. Dodington, and coincided with his wishes for detaching lord Halifax from the administration of the duke of Newcastle. I was not present, as may well be conceived, at this reading; but I confess I sate listening in the next room, and was not a little gratified by what I overheard.

Of this manuscript I have long since destroyed the only copy that I had; and if I had it now in my hands, it would be only to consign it to the flames; for it was of that occasional class of poems for the day, which have no claim upon posterity, and in such I have not been ambitious to concern myself: it served the purpose, however, and amused the moment: it was also the tribute of my mite to the lares of that mansion, where the muse of Young had dictated his tragedy of *The Revenge*, and which the genius of Voltaire had honoured with a visit: here Glover had courted inspiration, and Thomson caught it: Dodington also himself had a lyre, but he had hung it up, and it was never very high-sounding. Yet he was something more than a mere admirer of the muse. He wrote small poems with great pains, and elaborate letters with much terseness of style, and some quaintness of expression. I have seen him refer to a volume of his own verses in manuscript, but he was very shy, and I never had the perusal of it. I was rather better acquainted with his *diary*, which, since his death, has been published; and I well remember the temporary disgust he seemed to take, when, upon his asking what I would do with it, should he bequeath it to my discretion, I instantly replied, that I would destroy it. There was a third, which I more coveted a sight of than either of the above, as it contained a miscellaneous collection of anecdotes, repartees, good sayings, and humorous incidents, of which he was part author and part compiler, and out of

which he was in the habit of refreshing his memory, when he prepared himself to expect certain men of wit and pleasantry, either at his own house or elsewhere. Upon this practice, which he did not affect to conceal, he observed to me one day, that it was a compliment he paid to society, when he submitted to steal weapons out of his own armoury for their entertainment; and ingenuously added, that although his memory was not in general so correct as it had been, yet he trusted it would save him from the disgrace of repeating the same story to the same hearers, or foisting it into conversation in the wrong place, or out of time. No man had fewer oversights of that sort to answer for, and fewer still were the men whose social talents could be compared with those of Mr. Dodington.

Sketches of the Irish Character.

Every body, who has travelled in Ireland, and witnessed the wretched accommodation of the inns, particularly in the west, knows that it requires some forecast and preparation to conduct a large family on their journey. It certainly is as different from travelling in England as possible, and not much unlike travelling in Spain; but with my father for our provider, whose appointments of servants and equipage were ever excellent, we could feel few wants, and arrived in good time at our journey's end, where, upon the banks of the great river Shannon, in a nook of land, on all sides, save one, surrounded by an impassable bog, we found the episcopal residence, by courtesy called palace, and the church of Clonfert, by custom called cathedral.

This humble residence was not devoid of comfort and convenience, for it contained some tolerable lodging rooms, and was capacious enough to receive me and mine without straitening the family. A garden of seven acres, well planted and disposed into pleasant walks, kept in

the neatest order, was attached to the house, and at the extremity of a broad gravel walk in front stood the cathedral.

Within this boundary the scene was cheerful; all without it was either impenetrable bog, or a dreary, undressed country: but whilst all was harmony, hospitality, and affection underneath the parental roof, "the mind was its own place," and every hour was happy.

My father lived, as he had ever done, beloved by all around him: the same benevolent and generous spirit, which had endeared him to his neighbours and parishioners in England, now began to make the like impressions on the hearts of a people, as far different in character as they were distant in place from those, whom he had till now been concerned with. Without descending from the dignity he had to support, and condescending to any of the paltry modes of courting popularity, I instantly perceived how high he stood in their esteem; these observations I was perfectly in the way to make, for I had no forms to keep, and was withal uncommonly delighted with their wild, eccentric humours, mixing with all ranks and descriptions of men, to my infinite amusement.

If I have been successful in my dramatic sketches of the Irish character, it was here I studied it in its purest and most primitive state; from high to low it was now under my view. Though I strove to present it in its fairest and best light upon the stage, truth obliges me to confess there was another side of the picture, which could not have been contemplated without affright and horror. Atrocities and violences, which set all law and justice at defiance, were occasionally committed in this savage and licentious quarter, and suffered to pass over with impunity.

In the neighbouring town of Eyre Court, they had, by long usage, assumed to themselves certain local and self-constituted privileges and exemptions, which rendered it un-

approachable by any officers or emissaries of the civil power, who were universally denounced as mad dogs, and subjected to be treated as such, and even put to death with as little ceremony or remorse. I speak of what actually occurred within my own immediate knowledge, whilst I resided with my father, in more instances than one, and those instances would be shocking to relate. To stem these daring outrages, and to stand in opposition to these barbarous customs, was an undertaking that demanded both philanthropy and courage, and my father of course was the very man to attempt it. Justice and generosity were the instruments he employed; and I saw the work of reformation so auspiciously begun, and so steadily pursued by him, as convinced me that minds the most degenerate may be, to a degree, reclaimed by actions that come home to their feelings, and are evidently directed to the sole purposes of amending their manners and improving their condition.

To suppose they were a race of beings stupidly vicious, devoid of sensibility, and delivered over by their natural inertness to barbarism and ignorance, would be the very falsest character that could be conceived of them; it is, on the contrary, to the quickness of their apprehensive faculties, to the precipitancy and unrestrained vivacity of their talents and passions, that we must look for the causes, and in some degree for the excuse, of their excesses: together with their ferocious propensities there are blended and compounded humours so truly comic, eccentricities so peculiar, and attachments and affections at times so inconceivably ardent, that it is not possible to contemplate them in their natural characters, without being diverted by extravagances, which we cannot seriously approve, and captivated by professions, which we cannot implicitly give credit to.

The bishop held a considerable parcel of land, arable and grazing, in his hands, or, more properly speaking, in the phrase of the coun-

try, a large demesne, with a numerous tribe of labourers, gardeners, turf-cutters, herdsmen, and handicraftsmen of various denominations. His first object, and that not an easy one to obtain, was to induce them to pursue the same methods of husbandry as were practised in England, and to observe the same neat and cleanly course of cultivation. This was a great point gained: they began it with unwillingness, and watched it with suspicion; their idle neighbours, who were without employ, ridiculed the work, and predicted that their hay stacks would take fire, and their corn be rendered unfit for use: but in the further course of time, when they experienced the advantages of this process, and witnessed the striking contrast of these productive lands, compared with the slovenly grounds around them, they began to acknowledge their own errors, and to reform them.

With these operations the improvements of their own habitations were contrived to keep pace; their cabins soon wore a more comfortable and decent appearance; they furnished them with chimnies, and emerged out of the smoke in which they had buried and suffocated their families and themselves. When these old habits were corrected within doors, on the outside of every one of them there was to be seen a stack of hay, made in the English fashion, thatched and secured from the weather, and a lot of potatoes, carefully planted and kept clean, which, with a suitable proportion of turf, secured the year's provision both for man and beast.

When these comforts were placed in their view, they were easily led to turn their attention to the better appearance of their persons; and this reform was not a little furthered by the premium of a Sunday's dinner to all who should present themselves in clean linen, and with well-combed hair, without the customary addition of a scarecrow wig; so that the swarthy Milesian no longer appeared with a yellow wig upon his

coal-black hair, nor the yellow Dane with a coal-black wig upon his long red locks : the old barbarous custom also of working in a great coat, loosely thrown over the shoulders, with the sleeves dangling by the sides, was now dismissed, and the bishop's labourers turned into the field stript to their shirts, proud to show themselves in whole linen ; so that, in them, vanity operated as a virtue, and piqued them to excel in industry as much as they did in appearance.

As for me, I was so delighted with contemplating a kind of new creation, of which my father was the author, that I devoted the greatest portion of my time to his works, and had full powers to prosecute his good intentions to whatever extent I might find opportunities for carrying them. This commission was to me most gratifying ; nor have any hours in my past life been more truly satisfactory, than those in which I was thus occupied as the administrator of his unbounded benevolence to his dependent fellow-creatures. My father being one of the governors of the linen board, availed himself also of the opportunity for introducing a branch of that valuable manufacture in his neighbourhood, and a great number of spinning-wheels were distributed, and much good linen made, in consequence of that measure. The superintendence of this improving manufacture furnished an interesting occupation to my mother's active mind, and it flourished under her care.

—
 “ *The West Indian.* ”

During a visit to my father at Clonfert, in a little closet at the back of the palace, as it was called, unfurnished and out of use, with no other prospect from my single window but that of a turf-stack, with which it was almost in contact, I seated myself by choice, and began to plan and compose *The West Indian*.

As the writer for the stage is a writer to the passions, I hold it matter of conscience and duty in the dramatic poet to reserve his brightest colouring for the best characters, to give no false attractions to vice and immorality, but to endeavour, as far as is consistent with that contrast which is the very essence of his art, to turn the fairer side of human nature to the public, and, as much as in him lies, to contrive so as to put men in good humour with one another. Let him therefore, in the first place, strive to make worthy characters amiable, but take great care not to make them insipid ; if he does not put life and spirit into his man or woman of virtue, and render them entertaining as well as good, their morality is not a whit more attractive than the morality of a Greek chorus. He had better have let them alone altogether.

Congreve, Farquhar, and some others, have made vice and villany so playful and amusing, that either they could not find in their hearts to punish them, or not caring how wicked they were, so long as they were witty, paid no attention to what became of them : Shadwell's comedy is little better than a brothel. Poetical justice, which has armed the tragic poet with the weapons of death, and commissioned him to wash out the offence in the blood of the offender, has not left the comic writer without his instruments of vengeance ; for surely, if he knows how to employ the authority that is in him, the scourge of ridicule alone is sharp enough for the chastisement of any crimes which can fall within his province to exhibit. A true poet knows, that unless he can produce works whose fame will outlive him, he will outlive both his works and his fame : therefore every comic author who takes the mere clack of the day for his subject, and abandons all his claim upon posterity, is no true poet ; if he dabbles in personalities, he does considerably worse. When I began therefore, as at this time, to write for the stage, my ambition was to aim at writing some-

thing that might be lasting and outlive me; when temporary subjects were suggested to me, I declined them: I formed to myself in idea what I conceived to be the character of a legitimate comedy, and that alone was my object, and though I did not quite aspire to attain, I was not altogether in despair of approaching it. I perceived that I had fallen upon a time when great eccentricity of character was pretty nearly gone by, but still I fancied there was an opening for some originality, and an opportunity for showing at least my good-will to mankind, if I introduced the characters of persons, who had been usually exhibited on the stage as the butts for ridicule and abuse, and endeavoured to present them in such lights as might tend to reconcile the world to them, and them to the world. I thereupon looked into society for the purpose of discovering such as were the victims of its national, professional, or religious prejudices; in short, for those suffering characters which stood in need of an advocate; and out of these I meditated to select and form heroes for my future dramas, of which I would study to make such favourable and reconciliatory delineations, as might incline the spectators to look upon them with pity, and receive them into their good opinion and esteem.

With this project in my mind, and nothing but the turf-stack to call off my attention, I took the characters of an Irishman and a West Indian for the heroes of my plot, and began to work it out into the shape of a comedy. To the West Indian I devoted a generous spirit, and a vivacious giddy dissipation; I resolved he should love pleasure much, but honour more; but as I could not keep consistency of character without a mixture of failings, when I gave him charity, I gave him that which can cover a multitude, and thus protected, thus recommended, I thought I might send him out into the world to shift for himself.

For my Irishman I had a scheme rather more complicated; I put him into the Austrian service, and exhibited him in the livery of a foreign master, to impress upon the audience the melancholy and impolitic alternative, to which his religious disqualification had reduced a gallant and a loyal subject of his natural king: I gave him courage, for it belongs to his nation; I endowed him with honour, for it belongs to his profession; and I made him proud, jealous, susceptible, for such the exiled veteran will be, who lives by the earnings of his sword, and is not allowed to draw it in the service of that country, which gave him birth, and which of course he was born to defend; for his phraseology I had the glossary ready at my hand; for his mistakes and trips, vulgarly called bulls, I did not know the Irishman of the stage then existing, whom I would wish to make my model: their gross absurdities and unnatural contrarieties have not a shade of character in them. When his imagination is warmed, and his ideas rush upon him in a cluster, 'tis then the Irishman will sometimes blunder; his fancy having supplied more words than his tongue can well dispose of, it will occasionally trip. But the imitation must be delicately conducted; his meaning is clear, he conceives rightly, though in delivery he is confused; and the art, as I conceive it, of finding language for the Irish character on the stage, consists not in making him foolish, vulgar, or absurd, but on the contrary, whilst you furnish him with expressions, that excite laughter, you must graft them upon sentiments, that deserve applause.

In all my hours of study, it has been through life my object so to locate myself as to have little or nothing to distract my attention, and therefore brilliant rooms or pleasant prospects I have ever avoided. A dead wall, or, as in the present case, an Irish turf-stack, are not attractions that can call off the fancy

from its pursuits; and whilst in those pursuits it can find interest and occupation, it wants no outward aids to cheer it. My mother, who had a fellow-feeling with me in these sensations, used occasionally to visit me in this hiding hole, and animated me with her remarks upon the progress of my work: my father was rather inclined to apologise for the meanness of my accommodation, and I believe rather wondered at my choice. In the mean time I had none of those incessant avocations, which for ever crossed me in the writing of *The Brothers*. I was master of my time, my mind was free, and I was happy in the society of the dearest friends I had on earth. In parents, sister, wife, and children, greater blessings no man could enjoy. The calls of office, the cavillings of angry rivals, and the jibings of newspaper critics could not reach me on the banks of the Shannon, where all within doors was love and affection, all without was gratitude and kindness devolved on me through the merits of my father. In no other period of my life have the same happy circumstances combined to cheer me in any of my literary labours.

When I returned to England, I entered into an engagement with Mr. Garrick to bring out the *West Indian* at his theatre. I had received fair and honourable treatment from Mr. Harris, and had not the slightest cause of complaint against him, his brother patentees, or his actors. I had, however, no engagement with him, nor had he signified to me his wish or expectation of any such in future. If, notwithstanding, the obligation was honourably such as I was not free to depart from, in which light I am pretty sure he regarded it, my conduct was no otherwise defensible than as it was not intentionally unfair. My acquaintance with Mr. Garrick had become intimacy between the acting of *The Brothers* and the acceptance of the *West Indian*. I resorted to him again and again with the manuscript of my

comedy; I availed myself of his advice, of his remarks, and I was neither conscious of doing what was wrong in me to do, nor did any remonstrance ever reach me to apprise me of my error.

I was not indeed quite a novice to the theatre, but I was clearly innocent of knowing or believing myself bound by any rules or usage that prevented me from offering my production to the one or the other at my own free option. I went to Mr. Garrick; I found in him what my inexperience stood in need of, an admirable judge of stage effect: at his suggestion I added the preparatory scene in the house of Stockwell, before the arrival of Belcour, where his baggage is brought in, and the domestics of the merchant are setting things in readiness for his coming. This insertion I made by his advice, and I punctually remember the very instant when he said to me, in his chariot, on our way to Hampton, "I want something more to be announced of your *West Indian* before you bring him on the stage, to give eclat to his entrance, and rouse the curiosity of the audience, that they may say, Ay, here he comes, with all his colours flying." When I asked how this was to be done, and who was to do it, he considered awhile, and then replied, "Why that is your look out, my friend, not mine; but if neither your merchant nor his clerk can do it, why, why send in the servants, and let them talk about him. Never let me see a hero step upon the stage without his trumpeters of some sort or other." Upon this conversation it was that I engrafted the scene above-mentioned, and this was in truth the only alteration of any consequence that the manuscript underwent in its passage to the stage.

After we came to Hampton, where that inimitable man was to be seen in his highest state of animation, we began to debate on the cast of the play. Barry was extremely desirous to play the part of the Irish major, and Garrick was very doubtful how to decide, for Moody was then an

actor little known, and at a low salary. I took no part in the question, for I was entitled to no opinion; but I remember Garrick, after long deliberation, gave his decree for Moody with considerable repugnance, qualifying his preference of the latter with reasons that in no respect reflected on the merits of Mr. Barry; but he did not quite see him in the whole part of O'Flaherty; there were certain points of humour, where he thought it likely he might fail, and in that case his failure, like his name, would be more conspicuous than Moody's. In short, Moody would take pains; it might make him, it might mar the other; so Moody had it, and succeeded to our utmost wishes. Mr. King, ever justly a favourite of the public, took the part of Belcour, and Mrs. Abingdon, with some few salvos on the score of condescension, played Charlotte Rusport, and though she would not allow it to be any thing but a sketch, yet she made a character of it by her inimitable acting.

The production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than, from its frequency, it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes, for several nights in succession before that of its representation; yet in this interval I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-street, and was only a copy from a Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

A rumour had gone about, that the character which gave its title to the comedy was satirical; of course, the gentlemen who came under that description went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sate with Mr.

and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue speaker had gone the length of the four first lines the tumult was excessive, and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful, if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was much agitated; he observed to me, that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened that I did not at that moment feel the danger, which he seemed to apprehend, and remarked to him, that the very first word which discovered Belcour's character to be friendly would turn the clamour for us, and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again, and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard, they seemed reconciled to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence, however, was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn: but when the prologue came to touch upon the major, and told his countrymen in the galleries that

———"his heart can never trip,"

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else than stage kicks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us we had not, indeed, *little cherubs*, but lusty champions, *who sate up aloft*.

Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author, who happened

to strike upon a popular and taking plan, for certainly the moral of the West Indian is not quite unexceptionable, neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured. The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth into the right place; I don't think I am very vain when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house upon the author's nights was then only sixty pounds, and when Mr. Evans, the treasurer, came to my house in Queen-Ann-street, in a hackney coach, with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of ecstasy that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it, saying he had never paid an author so much before, I had fairly earned it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach-hire; and in that humour he departed. He had no sooner left the room than one entered it, who was not quite so scrupulous, but quite as welcome; my beloved wife took twenty guineas from the heap, and instantly bestowed them on the faithful servant who had attended on our children; a tribute justly due her unwearied diligence and exemplary conduct.

I sold the copy-right to Griffin in Catherine-street, for 150*l.*, and, if he told the truth when he boasted of having vended 12,000 copies, he did not make a bad bargain; and if he made a good one, which it is pretty clear he did, it is not quite so clear that he deserved it: he was a sorry fellow.

I paid respectful attention to all the floating criticisms that came within my reach, but I found no opportunities of profiting by their remarks, and very little cause to com-

plain of their personalities; in short, I had more praise than I merited, and less cavilling than I expected. One morning, when I called on Mr. Garrick, I found him with the St. James's evening paper in his hand, which he began to read with a voice and action of surprise, most admirably counterfeited, as if he had discovered a mine under my feet, and a train to blow me up to destruction. "Here, here," he cried, "if your skin is less thick than a rhinoceros's hide, egad, here is that will cut you to the bone. This is a terrible fellow; I wonder who it can be." He began to sing out his libel in a high declamatory tone, with a most comic countenance, and, pausing at the end of the first sentence, which seemed to favour his contrivance for a little ingenious tormenting, when he found he had hooked me, he laid down the paper, and began to comment upon the cruelty of newspapers, and moan over me with a great deal of malicious fun and good humour. "Confound these fellows, they spare nobody. I dare say this is Bickerstaff again; but you don't mind him; no, no, I see you don't mind him; a little galled, but not much hurt; you may stop his mouth with a golden gag: but we'll see how he goes on." He then resumed his reading, cheering me all the way as it began to soften, till, winding up in the most profest panegyric, of which he was himself the writer, I found my friend had had his joke, and I had enjoyed his praise, seasoned and set off in his inimitable manner, which to be comprehended must have been seen.

It was the remark of lord Lyttleton upon this comedy, when speaking of it to me one evening at Mrs. Montague's, that had it not been for the incident of O'Flaherty's hiding himself behind the screen, when he overhears the lawyer's soliloquy, he should have pronounced it a faultless composition. This flattery his lordship surely added against the conviction of his better judgment, merely as a sweetener to qualify his criticism, and by so doing convinced

me that he suspected me of being less amenable to fair correction than I really am and ever have been. But be this as it may, a criticism from lord Lyttleton must always be worth recording, and this especially, as it not only applies to my comedy in particular, but is general to all.

"I consider listening," said he, "as a resource never to be allowed in any pure drama, nor ought any good author to make use of it." This position being laid down by authority so high, and audibly delivered, drew the attention of the company assembled for conversation, and all were silent. "It is, in fact," he added, "a violation of those rules, which original authorities have established for the constitution of the comic drama." After all due acknowledgments for the favour of his remark, I replied, that if I had trespassed against any rule laid down by classical authority in the case alluded to, I had done it inadvertently, for I really did not know where any such rule was to be found.

"What did Aristotle say? Were there no rules laid down by him for comedy?" None that I knew; Aristotle referred to the Margites and Ilias Minor as models, but that was no rule, and the models being lost, we had neither precept nor example to instruct us. "Were there any precedents in the Greek or Roman drama, which could justify the measure?" To this I replied, that no precedent could justify the measure, in my opinion, which his lordship's better judgment had condemned; being possessed of that I should offend no more: but as my error was committed when I had no such advice to guide me, I did recollect that Aristophanes did not scruple to resort to listening, and drawing conclusions from what was overheard, when a man rambled and talked broken sentences in his bed asleep and dreaming; and as for the Roman stage, if any thing could apologize for the major's screen, I conceived there were screens in plenty

upon that, which formed separate streets and entrances, which concealed the actors from each other, and gave occasion to a great deal of listening and overhearing in their comedy.

"But this occurs," said lord Lyttleton, "from the construction of the scene, not from the contrivance and intent of the character, as in your case; and when such an expedient is resorted to by an officer like your major, it is discreditable and unbecoming of him as a man of honour." This was decisive, and I made no longer any struggle. What my predecessors in the drama, who had been dealers in screens, closets, and key-holes for a century past, would have said to this doctrine of the noble critic, I don't pretend to guess: it would have made sad havoc with many of them, and cut deep into their property; as for me, I had so weak a cause, and so strong a majority against me, for every lady in the room denounced listeners, that all I could do was to insert, without loss of time, a few words of palliation into the major's part, by making him say, upon resorting to his hiding-place: *I'll step behind this screen and listen: a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush as well as in the open field.*

Before I quite bid farewell to the West Indian, I must mention a criticism which I picked up in Rotten-Row from Nugent lord Clare, not *ex cathedra*, but from the saddle on an easy trot. His lordship was contented with the play in general, but he could not relish the five wives of O'Flaherty; they were four too many for an honest man, and the over-abundance of them hurt his lordship's feelings. I thought I could not have a better criterion for the feelings of other people, and desired Moody to manage the matter as well as he could; he put in the qualifier of *en militaire*, and his five wives brought him into no farther trouble; all but one were left-handed, and he had German practice for his plea. Upon the whole, I must take the

world's word for the merit of the West Indian, and thankfully suppose that what they best liked was, in fact, best to be liked.

A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and, after the acting of the West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short I took the same course then which he is taking now; as he keeps on acting part after part, so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it.

I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeple; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it over-peered all its neighbours, as Shakespeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mounted to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very acme of his fame; but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustic multitude below; what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through, I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and, falling from his height, left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate.

Irish Portraits.

Lord Eyre, of Eyre Court, though pretty far advanced in years, was so correctly indigenous, as never to have been out of Ireland in his life, and not often so far from Eyre Court as in this tour to Mr. Talbot's. Proprietor of a vast extent of soil, not very productive, and inhabiting a spacious mansion, not in the best repair, he lived, according to the style of the country, with more hospitality than elegance: whilst his table groaned with abundance, the order and good taste of its arrangement were little thought of; the slaughtered ox was hung up whole, and the hungry servitor supplied himself with his dole of flesh, sliced from off the carcase. His lordship's day was so apportioned as to give the afternoon by much the largest share of it, during which, from an early dinner to the hour of rest, he never left his chair, nor did the claret ever quit the table. This did not produce inebriety, for it was sipping rather than drinking that filled up the time, and this mechanical process of gradually moistening the human clay was carried on with very little aid from conversation, for his lordship's companions were not very communicative, and fortunately he was not very curious. He lived in an enviable independence as to reading, and of course he had no books. Not one of the windows of his castle was made to open, but luckily he had no liking for fresh air, and the consequence may be better conceived than described.

He had a large and handsome pleasure boat on the Shannon, and men to row it. I was of two or three parties with him on that noble water as far as to Pertumna, the then deserted castle of the lord Clanrickarde. Upon one of these excursions we were hailed by a person from the bank, who somewhat rudely called us to take him over to the other side. The company in the boat making no reply, I inadvertently called out, "Ay, ay, sir!"

stay there till we come." Immediately I heard a murmur in the company, and lord Eyre said to me, "You'll hear from that gentleman again, or I am mistaken. You don't know perhaps that you have been answering one of the most irritable men alive, and the likeliest to interpret what you have said as an affront." He predicted truly, for the very next morning the gentleman rode over to lord Eyre, and demanded of him to give up my name. This his lordship did, but informed him withal that I was a stranger in the country, the son of bishop Cumberland of Clonfert, where I might be found, if he had any commands for me. He instantly replied, that he should have received it as an affront from any other man, but bishop Cumberland's was a character he respected, and no son of his could be guilty of an intention to insult him. Thus this valiant gentleman permitted me to live, and only helped me to another feature in my sketch of major O'Flaherty.

A short time after this, lord Eyre, who had a great passion for cock-fighting, and whose cocks were the crack of all Ireland, engaged me in a main at Eyre Court. I was a perfect novice in that elegant sport, but the gentlemen from all parts sent me in their contributions, and having a good feeder, I won every battle in the main but one. At this meeting I fell in with my hero from the Shannon bank. Both parties dined together, but when I found that mine, which was the more numerous, and infinitely the most obstreperous and disposed to quarrel, could no longer be left in peace with our antagonists, I quitted my seat by lord Eyre, and went to the gentleman above-alluded to, who was presiding at the second table, and seating myself familiarly on the arm of his chair, proposed to him to adjourn our party, and assemble them in another house, for the sake of harmony and good fellowship. With the best grace in life he instantly assented, and when I added that I should put them under his

care, and expect from him as a man of honour and my friend, that every mother's son of them should be found forthcoming and alive next morning, "Then by the soul of me," he replied, "and they shall; provided only that no man in company shall dare to give *the glorious and immortal memory* for his toast, which no gentleman, who feels as I do, will put up with." To this I pledged myself, and we removed to a whiskey house, attended by half a score pipers, playing different tunes. Here we went on very joyously and lovingly for a time, till a well-dressed gentleman entered the room, and civilly accosting me, requested to partake of our festivity, and join the company, if nobody had an objection. "Ah now, don't be too sure of that," a voice was instantly heard to reply; "I believe you will find plenty of objection in this company to your being one amongst us." What had he done? the gentleman demanded. "What have you done!" rejoined the first speaker; "don't I know you for the miscreant that ravished the poor wench against her will, in presence of her mother? And didn't your pagans, that held her down, ravish the mother afterwards, in presence of her daughter? And do you think we will admit you into our company? Make yourself sure that you shall not; therefore *get out of this* as speedily as you can, and away wid you!" Upon this the whole company rose, and in their rising the civil gentleman made his exit and was off. I relate this incident exactly as it happened, suppressing the name of the gentleman, who was a man of property and some consequence. When my surprise had subsided, and the punch began to circulate with a rapidity the greater for this gentleman's having troubled the waters, I took my departure, having first cautioned a friend, who sate by me (and the only protestant in the company), to keep his head cool, and beware of the *glorious memory*. This gallant young officer, son to a man who

held lands of my father, promised faithfully to be sober and discreet, as well knowing the company he was in; but my friend having forgot the first part of his promise, and getting very tipsy, let the second part slip out of his memory, and became very mad; for stepping aside for his pistols, he re-entered the room, and laying them on the table, took the cockade from his hat, and dashed it into the punch-bowl, demanding of the company to drink *the glorious and immortal memory of king William* in a bumper, or abide the consequences. I was not there; and if I had been present, I could neither have stayed the tumult nor described it. I only know he turned out the next morning, merely for honour's sake; but as it was one against a host, the magnanimity of his opponents let him off with a shot or two that did no execution. I returned to the peaceful family at Clonfert, and fought no more cocks.

The fairies were extremely prevalent at Clonfert: visions of burials, attended by long processions of mourners, were seen to circle the church-yard by night, and there was no lack of oaths and attestations to enforce the truth of it. My mother suffered a loss by them of a large brood of fine turkies, who were every one burnt to ashes, bones and feathers, and their dust scattered in the air by their provident nurse and feeder, to appease those mischievous little beings, and prevent worse consequences; the good dame credited herself very highly for this act of atonement, but my mother did not see it quite in so meritorious a light.

A few days after, as my father and I were riding in the grounds, we crossed upon the catholic priest of the parish. My father began a conversation with him, and expressed a wish that he would caution his flock against this idle superstition of the fairies: the good man assured the bishop that, in the first place, he could not do it if he would; and, in the next place, confessed that he was himself far from being

an unbeliever in their existence. My father thereupon turned the subject, and observed to him, with concern, that his steed was a very sorry one, and in very wretched condition. "Truly, my good lord," he replied, "the beast himself is but an ugly garron, and whereby I have no provender to spare him, mightily out of heart, as I may truly say: but your lordship must think a poor priest like me has a mighty deal of work, and very little pay."—"Why then, brother," said my good father, whilst benevolence beamed in his countenance, "'tis fit that I, who have the advantage of you in both respects, should mount you on a better horse, and furnish you with provender to maintain him." This parley with the priest passed in the very hay-field where the bishop's people were at work; orders were instantly given for a stack of hay to be made at the priest's cabin, and, in a few days after, a steady horse was purchased and presented to him. Surely they could not be true born Irish fairies that would spite my father, or even his turkies, after this.

Among the labourers in my father's garden, there were three brothers of the name of O'Rourke, regularly descended from the kings of Connaught, if they were exactly to be credited for the correctness of their genealogy. There was also an elder brother of these, Thomas O'Rourke, who filled the superior station of hind, or headman; it was his wife that burnt the bewitched turkies, whilst Tom burnt his wig for joy of my victory at the cock-match, and threw a proper parcel of oatmeal into the air as a votive offering for my glorious success. One of the younger brothers was upon crutches, in consequence of a contusion on his hip, which he literally acquired as follows: When my father came down to Clonfert from Dublin, it was announced to him that the bishop was arrived: the poor fellow was then in the act of lopping a tree in the garden; transported at the tidings, he ex-

claimed, "Is my lord come? Then I'll throw myself out of this same tree for joy." He exactly fulfilled his word, and laid himself up for some months.

When I accompanied my mother from Clonfert to Dublin, my father having gone before, we passed the night at Killbeggan, where sir Thomas Cuffe, knighted in a frolic by lord Townshend, kept the inn. A certain Mr. Geoghegan was extremely drunk, noisy, and brutally troublesome to lady Cuffe, the hostess. Thomas O'Rourke was with us, and, being much scandalized with the behaviour of Geoghegan, took me aside, and in a whisper said: "Squire, will I quiet this same Mr. Geoghegan?" When I replied, by all means, but how was it to be done?—Tom produced a knife of formidable length, and demanded—"Haven't I got this? And wont this do the job? and hasn't he wounded the woman of the inn with a chopping knife, and what is this but a knife? and wouldn't it be a good deed to put him to death like a mad dog? Therefore, squire, do you see, if it will pleasure you and my lady there above stairs, who is ill enough, God he knows, I'll put this knife into that same Mr. Geoghegan's ribs, and be off the next moment on the grey mare; and isn't she in the stable? Therefore only say the word, and I'll do it." This was the true and exact proposal of Thomas O'Rourke, and, as nearly as I can remember, I have stated it in his very words.

We arrived safe in Dublin, leaving Mr. Geoghegan to get sober at his leisure, and dismissing O'Rourke to his quarters at Clonfert. When we had passed a few days in Kildare-street, I well remember the surprise it occasioned us, one afternoon, when, without any notice, we saw a great gigantic dirty fellow walk into the room, and march straight up to my father, for what purpose we could not devise. My mother uttered a scream, whilst my father with perfect composure addressed him by the name of Ste-

phen, demanding what he wanted, and what brought him to Dublin. "Nay, my good lord," replied the man, "I have no other business in Dublin itself but to take a bit of a walk up from Clonfert to see your sweet face, long life to it, and to beg a blessing upon me from your lordship; that is all." So saying he flounced down on his knees, and in a most piteous kind of howl, closing his hands at the same time, cried out, "Pray, my lord, pray to God to bless Stephen Costello." The scene was sufficiently ludicrous to have spoiled the solemnity, yet my father kept his countenance, and gravely gave his blessing, saying, as he laid his hands on his head, "God bless you, Stephen Costello, and make you a good boy!" The giant sung out a loud amen, and arose, declaring he should immediately set out and return to his home. He would accept no refreshment, but with many thanks and a thousand blessings in recompence for the one he had received, walked out of the house, and I can well believe resumed his pilgrimage to the westward without stop or stay. I should not have considered this and the preceding anecdotes as worth recording, but that they are in some degree characteristic of a very curious and peculiar people, who are not often understood by those who profess to mimic them, and who are too apt to set them forth as objects for ridicule only, when oftentimes even their oddities, if candidly examined, would entitle them to our respect.

—
Garrick.

The happy hit of the West Indian drew a considerable resort of the friends and followers of the muses to my house. I was superlatively blest in a wife, who conducted my family with due attention to my circumstances, yet with every elegance and comfort that could render it a welcome and agreeable rendezvous to my guests. I had six children,

whose birth days were comprised within the period of six years, and they were by no means trained and educated with that laxity of discipline, which renders so many houses terrible to the visitor, and almost justifies Foote in his professed veneration for the character of Herod. My young ones stood like little soldiers to be reviewed by those who wished to have them drawn up for inspection, and were dismissed like soldiers at a word. Few parents had more excuse for being vain than my wife and I had, for I may be allowed to say my daughters even then gave promise of that grace and beauty, for which they afterwards became so generally and conspicuously noticed; and my four boys were not behind them in form or feature, though hot climates and hard duty by sea and land, in the service of their king and country, have laid two of them in distant graves, and rendered the survivors war-worn veterans before their time. Even poor Fitzherbert, my unhappy and lamented friend, with all his fond benignity of soul, could not with his caresses introduce a relaxation of discipline in the ranks of our small infantry; and though Garrick could charm a circle of them about him whilst he acted the turkey-cocks, and peacocks, and water-wagtails, to their infinite and undescribable amusement, yet at the word or even look of the mother, *hi motus animorum* were instantly composed, and order re-established, whenever it became time to release their generous entertainer from the trouble of his exertions.

I would wish the world to believe, that they take but a very short and impartial estimate of that departed character, who only appreciate him as the best actor in the world; he was more and better than that excellence alone could make him by a thousand estimable qualities, and much as I enjoyed his company, I have been more gratified by the emanations of his heart than by the sallies of his fancy and imagination.

Nature had done so much for him, that he could not help being an actor; she gave him a frame of so manageable a proportion, and from its flexibility so perfectly under command, that by its aptitude and elasticity he could draw it out to fit any sizes of character that tragedy could offer to him, and contract it to any scale of ridiculous diminution that his Abel Druggier, Scrub, or Fribble could require of him to sink it to. His eye, in the mean time, was so penetrating, so speaking, his brow so moveable, and all his features so plastic and so accommodating, that wherever his mind impelled them they would go, and before his tongue could give the text, his countenance would express the spirit and the passion of the part he was encharged with.

I always studied the assortment of the characters who honoured me with their company, so as never to bring uncongenial humours into contact with each other. How often have I seen all the objects of society frustrated by inattention to the proper grouping of the guests! The sensibility of some men of genius is so quick and captious, that you must first consider whom they can be happy with, before you can promise yourself any happiness with them. A rivalry in wit and humour will oftentimes render both parties silent, and put them on their guard; if a chance hit, or a lucky sally, on the part of a competitor, engrosses the applause of the table, ten to one if the stricken cock ever crows upon the pit again: a matter-of-fact man will make a pleasant fellow sullen, and a sullen fellow, if provoked by raillery, will disturb the comforts of the whole society.

It is tiresome listening to the nonsense of those who can talk nothing else, but nonsense talked by men of wit and understanding, in the hour of relaxation, is of the very finest essence of conviviality, and a treat delicious to those who have the sense to comprehend it. I have known, and could name many, who understood

this art in its perfection, but as it implies a trust in the company not always to be risked, their practice of it was not very frequent.

Raillery is of all weapons the most dangerous and two-edged; of course it ought never to be handled but by a gentleman, and never should be played with but upon a gentleman; the familiarity of a low-born vulgar man is dreadful; his raillery, his jocularities, like the shaking of the water-spaniel, can never fail to soil you with some sprinkling of the dunghill out of which he sprung.

The brilliant vivacity of Garrick was subject to be clouded; little flying stories had too much of his attention, and more of his credit than they should have had; and certainly there were too many babblers who had access to his ear. There was some precaution necessary as to the company you associated with him at your table; Fitzherbert understood that in general admirably well, yet he told me of a certain day, when Garrick, who had perhaps been put a little out of his way, and was missing from the company, was found in the back yard acting a turkey-cock to a black boy, who was capering for joy, and continually crying out, "Massa Garrick do so make me laugh: I shall die with laughing." The story I have no doubt is true; but I rather think it indicates the very contrary from a ruffled temper, and marks good humour in its strongest light. To give amusement to children, and to take pleasure in the act, is such a symptom of suavity as can never be mistaken.

Garrick was followed to the abbey by a long extended train of friends, illustrious for their rank and genius, who truly mourned a man, so perfect in his art, that nature hath not yet produced an actor worthy to be called his second. I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and bath-

ed in tears: a few succeeding years laid him in the earth; and though the marble shall preserve for ages the exact resemblance of his form and features, his own strong pen has pictured out a transcript of his mind, that shall outlive that and the very language which he laboured to perpetuate. Johnson's best days were dark, and only when his life was far in the decline, he enjoyed a gleam of fortune long withheld. Compare him with his countryman and contemporary last-mentioned, and it will be one instance amongst many, that the man, who only brings the Muse's bantlings into the world, has better lot in it, than he who has the credit of begetting them.

Reynolds, the friend of both these worthies, had a measure of prosperity amply dealt out to him; he sunned himself in an unclouded sky, and his muse, that gave him a pallet dressed by all the graces, brought him also a cornucopia rich and full as Flora, Ceres, and Bacchus could conspire to make it. His hearse was also followed by a noble cavalcade of mourners, many of whom, I dare believe, left better faces hanging by the wall than those they carried with them to his funeral. When he was lost to the world, his death was the dispersion of a bright and luminous circle of ingenious friends, whom the elegance of his manners, the equability of his temper, and the attraction of his talents had caused to assemble round him as the centre of their society. In all the most engaging graces of his heart, in disposition, attitude, employment, character of his figures, and above all in giving mind and meaning to his portraits, if I were to say sir Joshua never was excelled, I am inclined to believe so many better opinions would be with me, that I should not be found to have said too much.

[The remainder of the extracts from this work will be given in the next number.]

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESSING.

A fragment.

—HERE it was that a boat was seen sailing swiftly after us, and, hailing our vessel, demanded the names and number of our men. The captain, who had no resource, suffered them quietly to come on board, and had the mortification to see his best seamen taken from him. Their reluctance to leave the ship, and the tears of several who were just, as they supposed, on the point of meeting wives and children, whom a long absence had doubly endeared, convinced my friend that the practice of making *slaves* was not confined to the West Indies.

I could not at first perfectly comprehend the meaning of this; for we were positively assured, at Spit-head, that the press-warrants were recalled, as the ships had received their full complement. However, I was quick enough on deck to see several unhappy fellows, awed by a naked cutlass, pensively and sullenly lowering themselves into the boat. This sight transported Adolphus beyond any consideration of his own safety. His face was inflamed; his eye shot fire. I thought, said he, haughtily, England was a land of *freedom*, and that you made no slaves here.

Slaves, young gentleman, answered the lieutenant, sheathing his cutlass, and looking as if he were ashamed of the business, no, no; these men are going to fight for their king and country.

But they do not like to go, sir; they wish to visit their families. It is a long time since they saw them.

That reason will not man our fleet, my pretty lad.

What, then they are compelled to go.

Compelled! nonsense! We *press* them, it is true; but they will think nothing of it in four and twenty hours.

Press them! what is that?

Why, oblige them to go: and if they make any resistance—

You kill them, I imagine.

You have strange notions, my brave boy, but not quite right in your guesses. Do you take us for savages?

No more *palaver*, interrupted another, who seemed equal to the first that spoke; bear-a-hand, and let's be gone.

Adolphus turned an awful look upon this true son of the waves.

And will you take these men from their wives and children? Can you answer it to your conscience?

Conscience, captain Bounce? You and your conscience be damned. Time enough when we have done with them.

And when will that be?

O, all's one for that; perhaps when the war's over.—

For the Literary Magazine.

DOES PAIN OR PLEASURE PRE-
DOMINATE IN HUMAN LIFE?

NEITHER great pleasures nor great pains constitute the habitual state of man, but are very thinly sown in the path of human life. How many individuals are there who have never experienced either! The habitual state of man is that of simple well-being, which, when a little heightened, becomes pleasure, and, when a little abated, is nullity of sensation, or the middle term of the scale, of which pleasing sensations occupy the one, and painful sensations the other side.

From a state of pain, whatever be its degree, all wish to be delivered; yet it is observable that, among a hundred thousand persons, scarcely one can be found who rushes out of life in order to get rid of his sufferings; and, in this case, it is generally doubted whether he had at that moment the entire use of his reason: even the most pain-

ful circumstances are not unaccompanied with some perceptions of good.

It is because well-being is the habitual state of man that pleasures appear to us less lively than pains of equal intensity ; and that the durations of pleasure and of pain, though equal with respect to absolute time, seem very unequal when compared. We consider as pleasure only that degree of good which is perceptibly greater than our habitual state of well-being ; whereas, we include under the appellation of pain every state in which our habitual well-being loses any thing of its intensity.

In the common course, and among the several classes, of human life, is the number of pains greater or less than that of pleasures, supposing the intensity of each to be nearly equal ? Of the class of pains, and that of pleasures, which contains the greater number of genera and species ? Of these questions, if they could be accurately investigated, the issue of both would be on the side of pleasure, especially if they were confined to those pleasures and pains which we derive from nature. The former are friendly, and the latter inimical, to the physical constitution of sentient beings ; and hence we may suppose that Infinite Goodness has strewed the path of life with a much greater number of pleasures than of pains, and has given us a much greater diversity of the former than of the latter. The Supreme Being has made us susceptible of several different sensations at the same time ; which, by their heterogeneity, frequently weaken the continued impression of pain. Time and employment are known to heal the deepest wounds of affliction ; and even the most wretched find relief from conversing on the circumstances of their distress. In short, it is a constant law of nature, which is nothing more than the primitive regulation of the Creator, that there should be an unremitting tendency to the preservation of beings in ge-

neral, and to repair whatever injuries they may receive from foreign causes : but can this law be said to act with respect to mankind, if the number of their pains exceed that of their pleasures ?

In order to set this argument in a stronger light, we should be obliged to take a particular view of those pleasing sensations which enter into the habitual state of most men, arising from a consciousness of existence ; the enjoyment, if not of perfect, yet of tolerable health ; the alternate succession of action and rest ; the gratification of the appetites of nature ; curiosity ; the attachments prompted by interest ; the relations and affections of social life ; the desire of acquiring and of communicating knowledge ; a variety of occupations and employments, whether of business or of amusement, which exercise and improve the faculties both of body and mind, together with a consciousness of difficulties overcome, and of duties performed ; and, lastly, hope, which anticipates future enjoyment. All these sources of pleasure are intimately connected with our nature, and are common to the greatest part of mankind in every period and condition of life. As to factitious enjoyments, these must be contrasted with factitious sufferings, which probably exceed them in number ; nor would it be fair to place that good or that evil, which derives its existence solely from the irregularity of the imagination, in the same class with the pleasures and pains allotted to us by the condition of our nature.

It may be asked, if our pleasures be really more numerous than our pains, why are there so few who would be willing to recommence the career of life through which they have already passed ? We may answer this objection by observing that the activity of the human mind is such as to require a continual succession of new ideas ; and that nature has implanted in us a constant tendency to new states of being,

each differing from the preceding, and which gradually lead to that perfection which finite beings cannot attain at once. We are formed, not for a stationary condition, not to recommence the circumstances through which we have already passed, but to be constantly advancing in our career toward new and higher modes of existence. Another cause is, that the condition supposed, in the notion of recommencing our life, is that all the circumstances through which we must pass are already known to us. Hence, neither curiosity is interested, nor hope excited: no new objects can be attained; nor have we the liberty of preventing or of avoiding the pains through which we know that we must pass: hence the experience, the knowledge, and the abilities which we have acquired would be lost on us; and we could have no other prospect than that of being, at the end of our second existence, exactly at the same point from which we had set out. Remove this condition, and most men would be glad, for the sake of avoiding death, to recommence a life equally, or even less advantageous in point of happiness than that which they have experienced. From this number we need not except those pretended philosophers, who limit existence to the present state; who are continually complaining of the miseries of life, and yet have not the courage to put an end to it. As to those whom reason and religion inspire with a well-founded hope of a future existence, and of a continued progress toward perfection, though they have as lively a sense as others of the pleasures of this life, which they consider as a natural preparation for a future state, they would never be desirous to recommence their career; which, whatever pleasures it might afford, would only retard their advancement toward that perfect state, for which they know they are destined.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

DARWIN, in his whimsical nosological arrangements, ranks the *timor lathi* among diseases. The cause he considers as nothing more than the impression made upon the fancy by hearing described, or actually witnessing, cases of great agony and horror suffered by others when dying. The mode of prevention and cure he points out to be the witnessing or relation of cases in which dying has borne a close resemblance to sleep, and been equally void of pain and of terror.

In these speculations a distinction ought carefully to be made between those views of death which merely arise from its physical and corporeal circumstances, and those which are connected with reflections on the after-state and condition of the soul. These different views are plainly and entirely distinct from each other, as is evident from that dismal apprehension of death entertained by multitudes that are either confident of existence and happiness hereafter, or are totally thoughtless and indifferent on that head.

I have often, in pursuance of this hint of Darwin's, been led into reflections as to what is the real state of this interesting case. I have considered with myself, what are the real circumstances of that death which every human being is fated to endure; what diseases terminate in a painful, and what in an easy dissolution; how are the deaths that daily happen actually characterized in this respect; is the greater number easy or painful, accompanied with a lively consciousness, or with stone-like insensibility to pain. I do not know whether physicians have ever made this an object of attention or inquiry, but surely it is a very interesting and instructive one.

If we may be allowed to discover the state of pure and perfect nature

in any thing but that state in which things are actually found, we might be tempted to suppose that in such a state death would cease to be an evil. Mankind would reach old age in uninterrupted health and tranquillity, and their lamp would go out without a warning or a struggle, without the previous decay of any thing but muscular strength. The untimely, lingering, and agonizing deaths which at present abound in the world may be supposed to originate in the guilt and folly of mankind, in their blind and wanton violation of the precepts of temperance and virtue.

It is certain that such reasonable and tranquil dissolutions sometimes happen, and, their possibility being thus established, there seems no difficulty in supposing that they might be universal, excluding only casualties.

Let us listen, for example, to the following account of the death of the famous bishop Cumberland, as given by his descendant, the late Richard Cumberland.

"The death of this venerable prelate was, like his life, serene and undisturbed. At the extended age of eighty-six years and some months, as he was sitting in his library, he expired without a struggle; for he was found in the attitude of one asleep, with his cap fallen over his eyes, and a book in his hand, in which he had been reading. Thus, without the ordinary visitations of pain or sickness, it pleased God to terminate the existence of this exemplary man."

Those who pant after a terrestrial immortality, and who reproach the Deity for that imperfection in the general system which assigns a limit to the duration of all animal life, will be tempted, by instances like this, to renounce their wishes and their arguments. Provided the race be immortal, provided each man's place is for ever full, it appears to be a perfection in the plan which conducts each successive individual through a diversified existence to

such an end as that of this good bishop.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA,

Or Winter Evening Amusements.

NO. XV.

I CONFESS I am not one of those who endeavour to establish a fancied superiority by reviling the female character, and I think these midnight lucubrations have borne testimony to my sincere fondness and undissembled respect for its loveliness and dignity. Milton has acknowledged that "love is not the lowest end of human life;" and I readily believe that this world, without *the sweet intercourse of looks and smiles*, would be but a wide waste indeed. Why is it that, in the hour of distress, we forget all our vaunted heroism, and fly to the arms of female kindness for that consolation, which we in vain seek in our own reflections? And why is it that the tears of a woman have more effect in arousing our feelings than the loudest call of the clarion? It is that all-pervading influence, which moves every passion of the human breast; it is that which melts the most fierce into docility, and inspires even cowardice with bravery.

Spenser, a favourite poet with me, has a passage on the influence of women in distress, which I wish every one to read and admire:

Nought is there under Heaven's hol-
lownesse
That moves more deare compassion of
mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthie
wretchednesse,
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's
freaks unkind.
I, lately, *whether through her brightness*
blynd,

Or thro' allegiance and part fealty,
Which I doe owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart prest with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I
could dy.

But whilst I admire, and praise, and defend, let me not be supposed to be so blind as to see all their virtues and their vices, their beauties and deformities in the same partial light. No; the canvas so alluring to the eye is yet tarnished by many a stain. The sickly mein of affectation, the vice of a weak mind, and the ungenial chill of prudery, the folly of an impure mind, with many other frailties that female *flesh is heir to*, must be corrected before woman can be called perfect. Yet, with all these imperfections, how infinitely do they surpass us in virtue, friendship, constancy, fortitude, genuine good sense, and unaffected good nature!

Let me add a grateful testimony of older experience, of which I have been reminded by these reflections. In the *Travels of Ledyard*, this celebrated traveller says, he has "always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest; and that they do not hesitate, *like men*, to perform a kind or generous action.

"Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy and fond of society. More liable in general to err than man, but, in general also, more virtuous, and performing more good-actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of friendship and decency, without receiving a friendly and decent answer; with man it has often been otherwise.

"In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartars; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been

friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of *benevolence*, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry I ate the coarsest meal with a double relish."

The most striking characteristic in the mind of Jaques, says professor Richardson, is extreme sensibility. He discovers a heart strongly disposed to compassion, and susceptible of the most tender impressions of friendship; for he who can so feelingly deplore the absence of kindness and humanity, must be capable of relishing the delight annexed to their exercise. But sensibility is the soil where nature has planted social and sweet affections: by sensibility they are cherished and grow to maturity. Social dispositions produce all those amiable and endearing connections that alleviate the sorrows of human life, adorn our nature, and render us happy. Now Jaques, avoiding society, and burying himself in the lonely forest, seems to act inconsistently with his constitution. He possesses sensibility, sensibility begets affection, and affection begets the love of society. But Jaques is unsocial. Can these inconsistent qualities be reconciled? Or has Shakespeare exhibited a character, of which the parts are incongruous and discordant? In other words, how does it happen that a temper disposed to beneficence, and addicted to social enjoyment, becomes solitary and morose? Changes of this kind are not unfrequent, and, if researches into the origin or cause of a distemper can direct us in the discovery of an antidote or of a remedy, the present inquiry is of importance. Perhaps, the excess and luxuriancy of benevolent dispositions, blighted by unkindness or ingratitude, is the cause that, instead of yielding us fruits of complacency and friendship, they shed bitter drops of misanthropy.

A good disposition will not content itself with its own happiness, but its possessor will feel a degree of interest, and will rejoice in the felicity of those around him. But the malignant eye of envy is either averted from such prospects with disgust, or contemplates it with sensations of the keenest anguish. All who are in pursuit of happiness, and are striving to soften the rugged path of life, are engaged in a sort of conspiracy against his quiet. The blooming cheek of youth and beauty that enraptures the heart, and the noblest deeds of valour that awake the soul, and expand all the generous feelings of our nature, are equally contending to blast his enjoyments; and he derives satisfaction only when the slow hand of time has furrowed the brow and unstrung the nerve, when the eye that once set the world on fire has lost its lustre, and the arm that kept nations in awe has become feeble.

I. E. H.

For the Literary Magazine.

TRUMBULL'S M'FINGAL.

THERE are few Americans who read at all, or who consort with readers, who have not heard of M'Fingal. There was a time when the work was new, and when the topics which gave rise to it were fresh in popular memory. Then, it is probable, few who read verse at all omitted to read this performance: but has not this time passed away? and is not there a vast number of ingenious and inquisitive readers, to whom the revolution is an obscure and antiquated story, that have never seen M'Fingal? This omission is owing more to accident than design. We seldom seek after that which is not recommended to our notice by its novelty, or by its connection with noted characters and passing events. Books which we do not seek very rarely fall in our way of their own accord,

and thus many persons pass half their lives without ever lighting on M'Fingal, to whom that work is calculated to afford very high entertainment. Such readers will not, it is hoped, think our time mispent in introducing this poem to their acquaintance, and begging their attention to a few passages from a work which has been universally acknowledged to be in no respect inferior, and in several respects much superior, to the far-famed Hudibras.

The adventures celebrated in M'Fingal are more coherent, intelligible, and consistent than those of Hudibras, probably because the character of the principal hero was not drawn for any particular person, but stands as representative of the tory faction in general. The author's language is not usually so careless as Butler's; and this attention may be thought to impose some restraint on the freedom of his humour; yet, misled, probably, by that general applause which covers the slovenly rhymes that are often to be found in his model, the author sometimes tags the ends of some of his lines with words in which the coarsest ear must disown any correspondence of sound: but humorous poets should always bear in mind Butler's rule, though, like many other preceptors, he paid but little attention to it himself; and, if one line contains the sense, they should give us, at least, a rhyme in the other.

M'Fingal, the hero of the piece, is thus described:

From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'squire M'Fingal took his way,
And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace
To Ossian's fam'd Fingalian race;
For though their name some part may
lack,

Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great M'Pherson, with submission,

We hope will add, the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;

Whence gain'd our 'squire two gifts by right,
 Rebellion and the second-sight.
 Of these the first, in ancient days,
 Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise,
 'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd head
 With terror of its might confounded;
 Till rose a king with potent charm
 His foes by goodness to disarm;
 Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
 Straight fell in love with at first sight;
 Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
 Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,
 And, with the sound of potent metal,
 Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle;
 Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
 Till loud sedition sung hosannas;
 The good lords-bishops and the kirk
 United in the public work;
 Rebellion from the northern regions
 With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance,
 And all combin'd to raze as nuisance,
 Of church and state the constitutions;
 Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
 They meant to edify their new ones;
 Enslave th' American wildernesses,
 And tear the provinces in pieces.
 For these our 'squire, among the valiant'st,
 Employ'd his time, and tools, and talents;
 And in their cause, with manly zeal,
 Us'd his first virtue, to rebel;
 And found this new rebellion pleasing
 As his old king-destroying treason.
 Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
 And Scottish gift of second-sight.
 No ancient sybil, fam'd in rhyme,
 Saw deeper in the womb of time;
 No block in old Dodona's grove
 Could ever more orac'lar prove.
 Nor only saw he all that was,
 But much that never came to pass;
 Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
 Tho' former days produc'd a plenty:
 For any man with half an eye
 What stands before him may espy:
 But optics sharp he needs, I ween,
 To see what is not to be seen.
 As in the days of ancient fame
 Prophets and poets were the same,
 And all the praise that poets gain
 Is but for what th' invent and feign:
 So gain'd our 'squire his fame by seeing
 Such things as never would have being,
 Whence he for oracles was grown
 The very tripod of his town.

Gazettes no sooner rose a lye in,
 But strait he fell to prophesying;
 Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
 O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse,
 Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings,
 Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;
 Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
 And hang'd all rebels, to a man;
 Divided their estates and pelf,
 And took a goodly share himself.
 All this, with spirit energetic,
 He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
 Skill'd was our 'squire in making speeches,

Where strength of brains united centres
 With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.

But as some musquets so contrive it,
 As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
 And tho' well aim'd at duck or plover,
 Bear wide and kick their owners over:
 So far'd our 'squire, whose reas'ning toil

Would often on himself recoil,
 And so much injur'd more his side,
 The stronger arg'ments he apply'd:
 As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
 Trode down the troops they came to aid,

And hurt their own side more in battle
 Than less and ordinary cattle.

Yet at town-meetings ev'ry chief
 Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's sleeve,

And, as he motion'd, all by rote
 Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote.

M'Fingal attends the town-meeting, which was held in a church, where we are entertained with an altercation between him and a whig, which is carried on whimsically enough, like the snip-snap argumentative dialogues between sir Hudibras and his squire Ralph: among other things, we have a humorous apology for political lying, in the genuine spirit of Butler:

Quoth he, For lies and promise-breaking

Ye need not be in such a taking;
 For lying is, we know and teach,
 The highest privilege of speech,
 The universal magna charta,
 To which all human race is party;
 Whence children first, as David says,
 Lay claim to't in their earliest days;

The only stratagem in war
Our gen'als have occasion for;
The only freedom of the press
Our politicians need in peace:
And 'tis a shame you wish t'abridge us
Of these our darling privileges.
Thank heav'n, your shot have miss'd
their aim,

For lying is no sin or shame.

As men's last wills may change again,
Though drawn in name of God, amen;
Be sure they must have much the more
O'er promises as great a pow'r,
Which, made in haste, with small in-

spection,
So much the more will need correction;
And when they've careless spoke, or
penn'd 'em,

Have right to look 'em o'er, and mend
'em;

Revise their vows, or change the text,
By way of codicil annex'd;

Turn out a promise that was base,
And put a better in its place.

So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boston people go;

Yet when he saw 'gainst troops that
brav'd him,

They were the only guards that sav'd
him,

Kept off that Satan of a Putnam,
From breaking in to maul and mutt'n
him,

He'd too much wit such leagues t' ob-
serve,

And shut them in again to starve.

So Moses writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for use,
Their parents then might set them free
From that consc'entious tyranny:
And shall men feel that spir'tual bon-
dage

For ever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have pow'r their own oaths to
change?

I think the tale were very strange.

Shall vows but bind the stout and strong,
And let go women weak and young,

As nets enclose the larger crew,
And let the smaller fry creep through?

Besides, the whigs have all been set on
The Tories to affright and threaten,

Till Gage, amidst his trembling fits,
Has hardly kept him in his wits;

And though he speak with art and
finesse,

'Tis said beneath *duress per minas*.

For we're in peril of our souls

From feathers, tar, and lib'rty-poles:

And vows extorted are not binding

In law, and so not worth the minding.

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For we have in this hurly-burly
Sent off our consciences on furlough;
Thrown our religion o'er in form,
Our ship to lighten in the storm.
Nor need we blush your whigs before;
If we've no virtue, you've no more.

Yet black with sins would stain a
mitre,

Rail ye at crimes by ten tints whiter?

And, stuff'd with choler atrabilious,

Insult us here for peca-dilloes?

While all your vices run so high

That mercy scarce could find supply:

While, should you offer to repent,

You'd need more fasting days than Lent,

More groans than haunted church-yard
vallies,

And more confessions than broad-alleys*.

I'll show you all, at fitter time,

Th' extent and greatness of your crime,

And here demonstrate to your face,

Your want of virtue, as of grace,

Evinc'd from topics old and recent:

But thus much must suffice at present.

To th' after portion of the day,

I leave what more remains to say;

When I've good hope you'll all appear,

More fitted and prepared to hear,

And griev'd for all your vile demeanour:

But now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner.

The second canto opens with a
description of the dinner vacation,
and of the resuming of the meeting:

The sun, who never stops to dine,
Two hours had pass'd the midway line,

And driving at his usual rate,

Lash'd on his downward car of state.

And now expir'd the short vacation,

And dinner done in epic fashion;

While all the crew beneath the trees,

Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese;

Nor shall we, like old Homer, care

To versify the bill of fare.

For now each party, feasted well,

Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell,

With equal spirit took their places;

And meeting op'd with three Oh yesses;

When first the daring whigs t'oppose,

Again the great M'Fingal rose,

Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,

And thus assum'd the accusing strain.

* Alluding to a species of church dis-
cipline, where a person is obliged to
stand in an aisle of the church, called
the *broad-alley*, name the offence of
which he has been guilty, and ask par-
don of his brethren.

I shall not pursue the thread of the eccentric orations: but the following passage will show that the tory 'squire is not inferior to the fanatical knight, in the use of tropes and figures:

Vain, quoth the 'squire, you'll find to sneer

At Gage's first triumphant year;
For Providence, dispos'd to tease us,
Can use what instruments it pleases.
To pay a tax at Peter's wish,
His chief cashier was once a fish;
An ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,
Turn'd orator, and sav'd his master;
A goose plac'd sentry on his station
Preserv'd old Rôme from desolation;
An English bishop's cur of late
Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst the state;
So frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repentance,
And lice revers'd the threat'ning sentence;

And Heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,
By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cæsar.
Yet did our hero in these days
Pick up some laurel-wreaths of praise.
And as the statuary of Seville
Made his crack'd saint an excellent
devil;
So, though our war few triumphs brings,
We gain'd great fame in other things.

Honorius is the effective hero of the piece, who is employed to buffet this man of straw, M'Fingal, for the reader's amusement and edification; and he performs his part according to the writer's intentions. At the conclusion of one of his speeches,

As thus he said, the tories' anger
Could now restrain itself no longer,
Who tried before by many a freak, or
Insulting noise to stop the speaker;
Swung th' uncoil'd hinge of each pew-
door;

Their feet kept shuffling on the floor;
Made their disapprobation known
By many a murmur, hum, and groan,
That to his speech supplied the place
Of counterpart in thorough-bass:
As bagpipes, while the tune they breathe,
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demosthenes
Harangu'd the rumbling of the seas,
Held forth with eloquence full grave
To audience loud of wind and wave;
And had a stiller congregation
Than tories are to hear th' oration.

But now the storm grew high and louder,

As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are,
And ev'ry soul with heart and voice
Supply'd his quota of the noise;
Each list'ning ear was set on torture,
Each tory bellowing out, to order;
And some, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak:
The moderator, with great violence,
The cushion thump'd with "Silence!
Silence!"

The constable to ev'ry prater
Bawl'd out, "Pray, hear the mode-
rator;"

Some call'd the vote, and some, in turn,
Were screaming high, "Adjourn, ad-
journ."

Not chaos heard such jars and clashes
When all the elements fought for places.
Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The storm each moment louder grew;
His sword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to share,
To keep the peace or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit canopy,
To join, as is her custom tried,
Like Indians, on the strongest side;
The destinies, with shears and distaff,
Drew near, their threads of life to twist
off;

The furies 'gan to feast on blows,
And broken heads or bloody nose;
When on a sudden from without,
Arose a loud terrific shout;
And straight the people all at once
heard

Of tongues a universal concert;
Like Æsop's times, as fable runs,
When every creature talk'd at once;
Or like the variegated gabble
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel.
Each party soon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parole;
Eager to know what fearful matter
Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter.

This breaking up of one uproar by another closes the second canto. In the third, they all sally forth to discover the cause of the disturbance, particularly 'squire M'Fingal, with a constable at his elbow to second him. They find a whiggish mob erecting a liberty pole in the market-place; whom M'Fingal ad-

dresses, as Hudibras does the bear-baiters, and to as good a purpose. His oration provokes them to hostilities: the tories are routed; and M'Fingal and his constable are knocked down and captured. They fix the constable by his waistband to a rope, and draw him up to the top of the pole, where he makes a formal abjuration of his tory principles; on which symptom of repentance he is let down, promising future good behaviour.

Not so our 'squire submits to rule,
But stood heroic as a mule.
You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curri'd.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look less big,
Or smok'd old Williams to a whig?
Did our mobb'd Oliver quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington, in dread of stripes,
Ceas'd lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompence
I trust king George and Providence.
And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,
Array'd in law and terror, home,
You'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day you e'er were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience.

Such daring incorrigibility procured him the distinction of being *tarred and feathered*; an operation which is thus described:

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck,
With halter'd noose, M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood tied half-hanging, to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar:
With less profusion e'ist was spread
The Jewish oil on royal head,

That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings) the gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The rivers from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in its hide:
So from the high-raisd urn the torrents
Spread down his side the various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage, stern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erspread with colours gay
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And spread him o'er with feathers mis-

sive,
And down, upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Till all complete appears our 'squire,
Like gorgon or chimera dire;
Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

In this ridiculously distressful plight, M'Fingal, in the fourth canto, at midnight, harangues an assembly of tories in his cellar; and, giving up all hopes of his cause, he relates a vision to his friends, which, in prophetic style, glances over the subsequent events of the American war.

Here the talents of a luckless general are celebrated; with a good display of the advantages which genius derives from the possessor of it being in confinement:

Behold that martial macaroni,
Compound of Phæbus and Bellona,
With warlike sword and sing-song lay,
Equipp'd alike for feast or fray,

Where equal wit and valour join;
This, this is he, the fam'd Burgoyne:
Who pawn'd his honour and commis-
sion

To coax the patriots to submission,
By songs and balls secure obedience,
And dance the ladies to allegiance.
Oft his camp muses he'll parade,
At Boston in the grand blockade,
And well invok'd with punch of arrack,
Hold converse sweet in tent or barrack,
Inspir'd in more heroic fashion,
Both by his theme and situation;
While farce and proclamation grand
Rise fair beneath his plastic hand.
For genius swells more strong and clear
When close confin'd, like bottled beer:
So Prior's wit gain'd greater power
By inspiration of the Tow'r;
And Raleigh, fast in prison hurl'd,
Wrote all the Hist'ry of the World;
So Wilkes grew, while in jail he lay,
More patriotic ev'ry day,
But found his zeal, when not confin'd,
Soon sink below the freezing point,
And public spirit, once so fair,
Evaporate in open air.

But thou, great favourite of Venus,
By no such luck shalt cramp thy genius;
Thy friendly stars, till wars shall cease,
Shall ward th' ill fortune of release,
And hold thee fast in bonds not feeble,
In good condition still to scribble.
Such merit Fate shall shield from firing,
Bomb, carcase, langridge, and cold iron,
Nor trust thy doubly laurell'd head
To rude assaults of flying lead.
Hence, in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Not taken off, releas'd, or rescu'd,
Pass for small change, like simple Pres-
cott;

But captur'd there, as fates befall,
Shall stand thy hand for't, once for all.
Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,
And dip thy conq'ring pen in rhyme,
And changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades and Maids of
Oaks.

M'Fingal is now again interrupted
by the mob; who, getting intelli-
gence of this nocturnal convocation,
thunder at the door. Before they
break in, M'Fingal effects his
escape through a private window,
as well from the reader as from the
mob; the poem closing on his flight
to Bcston.

Chronology fixes the time of this
ludicrous tale in the year 1775, at
the opening of the American war;
and the poem was first published in
Connecticut, in 1782, toward its
conclusion.

For the Literary Magazine.

SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I AM a new correspondent, and
will open my intercourse with you
in a modest way. It shall be by
asking a question, and that not a
very important one. But if some of
your critical readers will conde-
scend to answer it, they will oblige
me very much, especially if they
decide in my favour: for I assure
you, sir, that however unimportant
this question may appear, I have
had some disputes upon it; and,
what is worse, I never could con-
vince a single opponent, so as to
bring him over to my opinion.

The question is about the title of
a book; I mean that famous work
of dean Swift, commonly called *The
Tale of a Tub*. My opinion is, that
the author wrote *tail* instead of *tale*:
because the title, in this sense, would
have a signification; in the other,
it has none. The *tail*, meaning the
outer end of a tub, is a shallow ca-
vity, capable, when the tub is set
that end upwards, of holding a little
water, and but a little, easily seen
through or sounded. A century ago,
it was a common saying, of a thing
or a discourse which had but little
depth, that it was as shallow as the
tail of a tub.

It is probable that the dean wrote
this incomparable satire before he
thought of the title; and then, find-
ing the work so easy to be under-
stood, or seen through, as to the
substance it contained, he gave it this
sarcastic title, *The Tail of a Tub*, a
thing that every one could see to

the bottom of, or plainly understand. But, on the other hand, how can we suppose that he could entitle his work the *tale* or story of a tub? The work, in any other sense than the one I have mentioned, can have no resemblance to a tub, or the story of a tub. It is the story of Peter, Martin, and John, and as easy to be understood, or fathomed, as the tail of a tub.

If any of your curious readers should be possessed of an original edition of that work, and should find, according to my conjecture, that the sense and spelling of the title have been mistaken in all modern editions, and will let us know it through your Magazine, that the error may be corrected in future editions, he will do a piece of literary justice to the author, by restoring to him the credit of writing sense, in a case where he has long been supposed to have written nonsense; and (what I am afraid I have likewise a little at heart) he will gratify me, by proving that I was in the right.

QUERIST.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN STAGE.

OF all nations, the history furnishes us with details of the same kind in the progress and expansion of poetic faculties. The first fruits of poetry have universally been the praises of heroes, and the rhapsodists, or those who sung verses in honour of heroes, were the first actors. The Russians had poems and singers of this description even before christianity was introduced among them, or they were acquainted with the Greeks and Romans. The martial spirit and natural gaiety of the Russians are sufficient, amid the failure of historic evidence, to induce the belief, that, in very remote ages, they had as many poems in honour of heroes, as many songs of victory, as they, in the sequel, had buffoons and merry-

andrews running about the country and diverting the people by their witticisms and their drolleries.— These new rivals of Thespis every where met with the most favourable reception, and the joy manifested by the people on their commencement amounted to a species of madness. The peasant abandoned every thing, that he might see these farces; sometimes absorbed in pleasure, all the faculties of his soul were scarcely sufficient to enable him to hear the sounds by which he was enchanted; sometimes, transported with joy, he expressed his rapture in the most boisterous manner. These representations were commonly exhibited from Christmas to the festival of Epiphany. A poetic ardour suddenly inspired those who thus employed their talents to abridge the long winter evenings. Great volubility, animated gesticulations, much extravagance in the plot of the tale, and great prolixity in the recitation, were indispensable qualities for every one who attempted to amuse; but if to these he added obscene gestures and expressions, his acting was then perfect, and he was certain of obtaining universal applause. There was no fixed place for these representations; a paper lantern suspended to the roof, and the harmony of two hunting horns, announced to the passengers that for a few copecks they might procure the pleasure of seeing a farce, which was ready to begin whenever they pleased. This kind of parade is not at this day entirely banished from the Russian empire.

Theatrical representations were however almost as unknown in Russia as in Germany prior to the reign of Peter the great. Those which were then in vogue were confined to rhetorical exercises, in the form of dramas and comedies, which the masters of seminaries instructed their pupils to act. The subjects of these plays were usually taken from sacred history, like those of the tragedies which the jesuits, and other orders devoted to the education of

youth, were accustomed to teach their scholars to represent at the end of a course, or at the conclusion of a year. They thought it perfectly justifiable to take for models, as to the form, heathens such as Euripides, Sophocles, Plautus, and Terence; but far from thinking that the proper object of theatrical exhibitions was to form the minds of youth, and to make them acquainted with their native land by the representation of the manners and achievements of its great men, the purpose to which it was consecrated by the Greeks, superstition and ignorance persuaded them that they could not lawfully select any subjects excepting from the Bible.

With the manner of treating these subjects they gave themselves very little concern. The most absurd and ridiculous scenes, and the most disgusting vulgarity were introduced into them. The most sacred mysteries of religion were represented in a manner highly profane; and the ecclesiastics were so convinced of the simplicity of their pupils and the rest of the laity, as to imagine that they would not thence receive any unfavourable impressions. The seminaries and schools of the convents of Moscow, Kiow, Novogorod, &c., had they been better conducted, might have become establishments of the highest utility to the propagation of knowledge in Russia; but the monks of those times were contented to proceed with their age, instead of outstripping it; either because they were unable, from the want of means, or they imagined it was not fit that the people should be too much enlightened. If the bishop Demetrius Rostowsky, instead of causing religious plays of his own invention to be performed in his episcopal palace at Rostow, had composed some work on a subject taken from profane history, undoubtedly his nation, instructed by his example, would have soon developed the germ of its talent for the dramatic art, and would have distinguished itself in that career without waiting to receive the impulsion from foreigners.

The most celebrated of Rostowsky's performances were, "The Penitent Sinner," "Esther and Ahasuerus," "The Birth of Christ, his Resurrection, and the Assumption of the Virgin Mary." They were interlarded with allegorical episodes. Wolkow, the first performer the Russians had to boast, acted in them with great success. The bishop Rostowsky died in 1709. The dramatic art was still in its infancy in Russia, when France had already the master pieces of Corneille, of Racine, of Moliere, and when Voltaire already announced the dawn of his future greatness. The compositions of the first Russian dramatist were exhibited till the middle of the last century, not only in the seminaries, but Wolkow's company likewise performed them with success at the imperial theatre.

The French who repaired to Moscow, during the reign of the czar Alexis, diffused in Russia a partiality for the drama. The polished manners and more refined taste of these foreigners procured them a favourable reception from the court. Most of Moliere's comedies were translated into the Russian language, and played with the former religious pieces, not only by the scholars of the convent of Iconospaskoi, but likewise at court, in a theatre established by youthful amateurs, at whose head was the princess Sophia, sister of Peter the great. The troubles which preceded and followed the accession of that monarch to the throne, seemed to have extinguished the love of theatrical exhibitions in Russia. There were no other actors at Moscow than some young surgeons, who, by means of folding-skreens, converted the great hall of the hospital into a theatre, and took delight in acting the most ridiculous Russian plays, as well sacred as profane. But scarcely had Peter the great created his new capital on the banks of the Neva, when it was visited by a company of German comedians, who drew together great crowds of spectators, though they represented only the

most wretched plays. Stahlin relates, that they one day announced, by a bill, that they intended to exhibit, at night, a piece truly admirable, and well worth seeing. Allured by this promise, a great number of spectators assembled; but when the actors were just ready to begin, they were obliged, by an order from the emperor, to leave the theatre without opening their mouths. The curtain rose amid the harmonious sounds of the whole band of music, and the spectators beheld a white wall, well lighted, on which these words were inscribed, in large characters, "*Today is the first of April.*" This company was soon dispersed, and Petersburg as well as Moscow was again without a theatre.

Meanwhile the want of dramatic exhibitions had become so pressing, that some of the attendants, and the people belonging to the stables of the czar, formed among themselves a company of amateurs, and exercised their theatrical talents in a kind of hay-loft, which they had embellished, and lined with straw mats. During the reign of the empress Anne, some Italians arrived, and exhibited comedies and ballets; but the company was so weak, that one day an actress being prevented from appearing by her very advanced state of pregnancy, her part was filled by one of the male performers, an exchange which afforded the public no small amusement. At length, in 1737, the first Italian opera was acted. Two years afterwards a company of German comedians was invited; but on the death of the empress, the following year, they again quitted the country. Some French actors were then engaged for Russia; but the sudden and numerous changes which took place in the Russian government prevented them from proceeding thither till after the coronation of Elizabeth. It was about this time that the opera-house of Moscow was built under the direction of Stahlin; but the want of actors was felt there as well as at Petersburg. The young gentlemen of the school of

cadets performed the parts of mute persons, the singers of the imperial chapel sung in the choruses, and the children of the domestics executed the ballets.

Sumarokow, who was already known for his lyric and didactic poems, at length made his appearance as a dramatic writer. Some of the cadets, with a view to exercise themselves in declamation, had studied his first tragedy, entitled "*Chorev.*" The empress being informed of the circumstance, was desirous of seeing these youths. They performed before her in a small theatre, and obtained universal applause.

Notwithstanding the partiality of the court for these exhibitions, no idea had yet been entertained of erecting a Russian theatre in the capital, when, in 1750, one was built at Jaroslaw. To this the German company that went to Petersburg in 1748 gave occasion. Fedor Wolchow, son of a merchant of Jaroslaw, had taken the greatest delight in these representations. He had strengthened this partiality by forming a connection with the German players; so that when he returned home, he fitted up a large saloon in his father's house for a theatre, and painted it himself; then mustering a small company, consisting of his four brothers and some other young persons, he represented sometimes the sacred pieces of the bishop Demetrius, sometimes the tragedies of Sumarokow, and Lomonossow, which had just appeared; and at others, comedies and farces of his own composition. The undertaking of Wolchow met with the greatest encouragement. Not satisfied with lavishing applause upon him, the neighbouring nobility furnished him in 1750 with the requisite funds for erecting a public theatre, where money was taken for admission. The report of this novelty reached Petersburg, and in 1752 the empress sent for Wolchow's company. He was placed, with several of his young actors, in the school of the cadets, to improve himself in the Russian language, and

in particular to practise declamation.

At length, in 1756, the first Russian theatre was formally established by the exertions of Sumarokow, and the actors were paid by the court. A German company appeared in 1757, but it was broken up by the arrival of an Italian opera. The Opera Buffa, founded, in 1759, at Moscow, had no better success: its failure was favourable to that which remained at Petersburg, and which received so much the more encouragement. The fire works displayed on the stage after the performance, afforded great amusement to the public, and drew together more company than the music. At the coronation of the empress Catherine, the Russian court theatre accompanied her to Moscow, but soon returned to Petersburg, where it has been fixed ever since. The taste for dramatic exhibitions had at this period become so general, that not only the most distinguished persons of the court of the two capitals performed Russian plays, but Italian, French, German, and even English theatres arose, and maintained their ground for a longer or a shorter time. Catherine the great, desirous that the people should likewise participate in this pleasure, ordered a stage to be erected in the great place in the wood of Brumberg. There both the actors and the plays were perfectly adapted to the populace that heard them. What will seem extraordinary is, that this performance sometimes attracted more distinguished amateurs; and it is perhaps the only theatre where spectators have been seen in carriages with four and six horses. But what is still more surprising is, to see actors ennobled, as a reward for their talents, as was the case in 1762 with the two brothers Fedor and Gregory Wolchow. The former died the following year, while still very young. His reputation as a great tragic and comic actor will perhaps one day be considerably abated; but the Russians will ever recollect with gratitude that

he was the real founder of the Russian stage.

They will likewise remember the services of Sumarokow as a tragic poet. He first showed of what the Russian language, before neglected, was susceptible. Born at Moscow in 1727, of noble parents, he zealously devoted himself to the study of the ancient classic authors, and of the French poets. This it was that roused his poetic talents. His early compositions were all on the subject of love. His countrymen admired his songs, and they were soon in the mouth of every one. Animated by this success, Sumarokow published by degrees his other poetical productions. Tragedies, comedies, psalms, operas, epitaphs, madrigals, odes, enigmas, elegies, satires, in a word, every species of composition that poetry is capable of producing, flowed abundantly from his pen, and filled not less than ten thick octavo volumes. His tragedy of Chorem was the first good play in the Russian language. It is written in alexandrine verses, in rhyme, like his other tragedies, as Hamlet, Sinaw and Truwor, Artistona, Semira, Jaropolk and Dimisa, the False Demetrius, &c.; and this first performance showed, that in the plan, the plot, the character, and the style, he had taken Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire for his models. Though Sumarokow possessed no very brilliant genius, he had, however, a very happy talent of giving to his tragedies a certain originality, which distinguishes them from those of other nations. He acquired the unqualified approbation of his countrymen by the selection of his subjects, almost all of which he took from the Russian history, and by the energy and boldness which he gave to his characters. But his success rendered him so haughty and so vain, that he could not endure the mildest criticism. Jealous of the fame acquired by Lomonossow, another Russian poet, he sought every opportunity of discouraging him; and it was a great triumph to Su-

marokow to observe that the public scarcely noticed the first dramatic essays of that writer, and that they were soon consigned to oblivion.

Sumarokow has likewise written a great number of comedies, in which the manner of Moliere is discoverable. In spite of their original, and sometimes rather low humour, they were not much liked. The principal are, *The Rival Mother and her Daughter*; *The Imaginary Cuckold*; *The Malicious Man*, &c. He has composed some operas; among others, *Cephalus and Procris*, set to music by D'Araja, master of the imperial chapel, and represented for the first time at Petersburg, during the carnival of 1755. The performers of both sexes were children under the age of fourteen years.

The reader will probably be pleased to find here the names of some of the tragic and comic writers of Russia, and the titles of their principal works.

To Kniaschin the Russians are indebted for the comedy of *The Boaster*. It is written in verse, in a very pure style, and is still performed with applause. This author, however, owes all his reputation to his operas, the most celebrated of which are the *Sbitten-schtschik* (the dealer in hot liquor called sbiten); *The Misfortune of a Carriage*; *The Miser*, &c. A new edition of his works has recently appeared.

Denis van Wiesen would have been an accomplished comic writer, had he but bestowed more pains on his compositions. His comedy of *The Spoiled Child* affords a sufficient proof of his genius and talents. It still continues to give great satisfaction. Its tendency is highly moral; and the character of a young profligate, named Mitrofan, who is totally destitute of education, is delineated with such spirit and truth, that it has been proverbial in Russia, where a young man of that description is now called a Mitrofan. *The Brigadier* is likewise one of the good pieces of the Russian stage.

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Van Wiesen possessed an admirable talent for seizing and exposing the absurdity of a variety of customs.

Kopieu is not inferior to him in the truth of his characters. His *Fair of Lebedian* is received with great satisfaction during the carnival. The characters seem to have been drawn on the scene of action; their burlesque manners and language command the loud applause of the populace. This author is still living.

Ablesimow was the first who wrote in the manner of the preceding dramatist. His plays are replete with comic sallies and sarcastic humour. The principal are, *The Writer's Shop*; *Departure from Winter Quarters*; and *Luck in the Lottery*; but his opera of *The Miller* has conferred on him more celebrity than all the rest of his compositions. It is one of the favourite pieces of the Russians, and as it delineates the manners of their country, it will always be seen with pleasure. In 1799, it was performed before the court, and twenty-seven times successively at the theatre of Knieper, and the applause of the audience proved that even then they were not tired of it.

The Corruptible Man is the only comedy written by Bibikow; it is considered as one of the best pieces of the Russian stage, and far superior to that published by Sumarokow with the same title.

Alexis Wolchow composed two good comedies, *Filial Love*, and *Self-Love Deluded*.

The Irresolute Man; *Democritus*; and *The Lunatic*, are by Iwan Dmitrewsky, who has approached to the present taste, and has likewise translated into Russian the English tragedy of *Beverley*. To his talents as an author he added those of an excellent actor. He was the pupil of the celebrated Garrick. The public with concern beheld this veteran appear for the last time in the drama of *Albert*, in 1797.

Jelagin has translated several French tragedies and comedies, and has exhibited *Jean de Molle* on the

theatre, in a manner highly instructive to parents.

The comedy of *The Lover in Debt* was from the pen of prince Fedor Alexiowitz Kolowsky. Death prevented him from completing the tragedy of *Sumbeka*, the subject of which is extracted from the history of Casan.

Prince Kolowsky loved the arts, was a sincere friend, and a brave soldier. In 1769, he was sent to Italy as a courier to count Alexis Orlov. On this occasion he went to see Voltaire. He fought at the battle of *Tschesme*, in the *St. Eustace*, and was unfortunately blown up with that ship. Cheraskow, in a poem on the battle, applies the following words to this prince:—"Child of the muses! why didst thou turn aside to Bellona, when thy path conducted thee towards Apollo?"

Lukin has written two plays, *The Prodigal amended by Love*, and *The Silly Chatterer*.

Magnizky, a serf of count Jaguschinsky, was sent to Italy by his master to improve his talents for music. Having made considerable progress in that art, he wrote and set to music *The Inn*, a highly esteemed opera, which has been represented fifteen times successively.

Russia likewise reckons among her dramatic authors many others, as Werewkin, Jelstenaninow, Karin, Cheraskow, who wrote *Moscow Preserved*. We might likewise mention Prokudin, Sokolow, an author and actor, Titow, Tschertkow, Trofilnetyn, whose productions, performed at Kiow, have never been printed.

With the exception of major-general Kopiew and the privy-counsellor Cheraskow, all the writers mentioned above are dead; but various authors are labouring to augment the riches of the Russian theatre. The tragedy of *Thamas Kuli Khan*, by Glewiltchikow, who is likewise an actor, has been several times represented. He has also made an attempt at comedy. Jjin, the author of *Life*, or the *Triumph*

of *Gratitude*, is a young man of great promise; as is Federow, whose *Love and Virtue*, and *Russian Soldier*, have recently been very favourably received.

The taste of the Russians is daily improving. They protect the arts and sciences, which they are worthy of inviting among them. Catherine set them the example. We ought to have placed that great princess at the head of the authors of whom Russia boasts. To her the nation was indebted for the opera of Iwan Tsarewitsch, Gore Bogatyr, and Fedul; and for various comedies, among the rest, *The Presumptuous Philosopher*. Catherine knew how to unite on her head crowns of many widely different kinds.

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE ORATIONS OF THE APOSTLES.

By Mr. Marsh.

IN general, St. Luke's style, in the Acts of the Apostles, is much purer than that of most other books of the New Testament, especially in the speeches delivered by St. Paul at Athens and before the Roman governors. These contain passages superior to any thing even in the Epistle to the Hebrews, though the language of this epistle is preferable in other respects to that of any other book in the New Testament. But the Acts of the Apostles are by no means free from Hebraisms: and even in the purest parts, which are the speeches of St. Paul, we still find the language of a native Jew.

It deserves particularly to be remarked, that St. Luke has well supported the character of each person whom he has introduced as delivering a public harangue, and has very faithfully and happily preserved the manner of speaking which was peculiar to each of his orators. The

speeches of St. Peter are recorded by St. Luke with the same simplicity with which they were delivered, and they are devoid of all those ornaments which we usually find in the orations of the Greeks and Romans.

The speeches of St. Paul, delivered before a Jewish assembly, are not very different in their manner from those of St. Peter; and they are wholly dissimilar to such as the same apostle delivered before a gentile audience, especially in Acts xiii, 16—41, where St. Paul introduces the principal subject of his discourse by a long periphrasis, which would have been neither instructive nor entertaining in any other place than a Jewish synagogue.

The speech delivered by the martyr Stephen, in the seventh chapter of the Acts, is again of a different kind. It is a learned discourse pronounced by a speaker totally unacquainted with the art of oratory. Stephen spake without any preparation, and though he had certainly a particular object in view, to which the several parts of his discourse tended, yet it is difficult to discover this object, because his materials are not regularly disposed. It is true, that he was interrupted, and thus prevented from finishing his harangue; but an orator accustomed to speak in public, and who has learnt methodical arrangement, will discover even at the commencement of his oration the purport of his discourse. In Stephen's speech we meet with numerous digressions, and literary remarks of which we cannot perceive the tendency. For instance, he has a remark which is at variance with the Hebrew text, and favours another reading, or, if not, it favours a mystical exposition of the common reading, that Abraham did not depart from Haran till after his father's death; and he differs from the seventy in interpreting the Hebrew word *not* by *lambs*, but by a *silver coin*. The same character appears throughout the whole of Stephen's discourse.

Since, then, the various speakers introduced in the Acts of the Apostles uniformly preserve their proper characters, St. Luke must have received very accurate information. Yet many of these speeches were delivered, not in the Greek language, as recorded by St. Luke, but in Chaldee, the language of Palestine. Nor is it probable that any one present, when they were delivered, committed them to writing, if we except the speech of Stephen. I think it probable that St. Luke had a copy of Stephen's speech, because it contains some mistakes of memory, and some inaccurate expositions, which St. Luke himself must have known to be such, but which he retained because found in his copy. Perhaps he received this copy from St. Paul, who was not only present at Stephen's speech, but was at that time a zealous adversary of the christians; and being at the same time learned in the law, was able as well as willing to detect whatever mistakes might be made by the speaker.

Lastly, the speeches delivered by St. Paul before assemblies accustomed to Grecian oratory are of a totally different kind from any of the preceding. It is true, they are neither adorned with the flowers of rhetoric, nor are exempt from such expressions as betray a native Jew: but the language is pointed and energetic, and the materials are not only well selected, but judiciously arranged. The speech which St. Paul delivered at Athens, and the two which he held before the Roman governors of Judæa, are proofs of this assertion. Yet St. Luke appears to have given only an abstract, and not the whole of St. Paul's speeches; for the apostle, in the defence which he made before Felix, must certainly have said more than is recorded by St. Luke, chap. xxiv, 12, 13, unless we suppose that he merely denied the charge which had been laid to him, without confuting it. However, he has certainly shown great judgment in these

extracts: for, if he has not always retained the very words of St. Paul, he has adopted such as well suited the polished audience before which the apostle spake.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THERE are some circumstances in the life of the late marquis of Exeter which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr. Cecil (his uncle being then earl of Exeter), he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict, the loss of his property by gaming, and of his wife by divorce, he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired under the name of Jones to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging, but soon built a small cottage; and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends, while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world, and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him, his education and manners were too conspicuously superior to those of the character which he assumed (*viz.* that of a servant who had gained a small independence in the family of a nobleman), not to excite considerable doubts, both of the name which he bore, and the account which he gave of himself. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the strictest injunction of secrecy, to disclose his real history.

Amongst the farmers, whom he occasionally visited, was one of the

name of Hoggins. This person had a daughter, about eighteen years of age, so beautiful and amiable that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She referred him to her father, who, on account of the mystery involving his character, objected to the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reasonably expect. The farmer then consulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the desired information: but he probably expressed himself upon the occasion so as to convince the inquirer that he ought not to withhold his consent: for the marriage was soon after solemnized (in the year 1791), and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the steward was dispatched in search of the heir, whom he found at Bolas with a wife and two children. Mr. Cecil, having contrived still to remain unknown, proposed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the stage-coach. Before their arrival, the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaise; and, as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil, now earl of Exeter, repeatedly asked his fair companion, how she liked the grounds and the situation of the mansion; he then proposed that they should "see the house;" and, while the cottager was gazing with astonishment at the novel scene of so much magnificence, told her that these objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards show her, were her own, and that she was the countess of Exeter. The sudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to sustain, and she was carried motionless into her apartment.

The remark, however, that great and sudden elevations seldom contribute much to happiness, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidst

those scenes of splendour lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual solicitude to acquire those accomplishments, which she thought requisite for her new station, probably preyed upon her spirits, and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life, at the age of 24, in January, 1797, leaving two sons and a daughter, the present marquis, lord Thomas, and lady Sophia Cecil.

For the Literary Magazine.

FEMALE LOQUACITY.

IT is a very ancient adage, that Nature does nothing in vain. To women she has given the talent of talking more frequently, as well as more fluently, than men: she has likewise endowed them with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called *animal spirits*.—Why, it may be asked, has Nature, in this article, so eminently distinguished women from men? For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers. Hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them. These qualities are numerous: a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute but useful attentions, joined to a facility of almost incessant *speaking*.

Here, however, I must confine my observations to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be occupied with laborious offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted to the men. These causes, beside their comparative natural taciturnity, totally incapacitate them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to *speak*. But the employments of women are of a more domestic kind. Household affairs, and particularly the nursing and training of children, are fully sufficient to engross their attention,

and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers. The *loquacity* of women is too often considered, by poets, historians, and by unthinking men, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for *speaking much*, they blame Nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women *speak much*; they ought to *speak much*; Nature compels them to *speak much*; and, when they do so, they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws. It may be said, that *some men* talk as much as women. Granted. But beings of this kind I deny to be *men*. Nature seems to have originally meant them to be *women*; but, by some cross accident, as happens in the production of *monsters*, the external *male form* has been superinduced upon a *female stock*.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPECIMEN OF A NOCTURNAL.

THE first night I found myself in a most tremendous situation. Alarmed by a sudden shock, attended with a hollow subterraneous noise, I ran out to the streets of this populous city, in order to discover the cause. A dreadful prospect presented itself to view. The ground began to undulate like the waves of the sea; sheets of fire dazzled the eye; peals of thunder stunned the ears; the buildings split in a thousand directions; and had not the native horrors of the scene soon restored me to reason, I should infallibly have been crushed to atoms.

The second night's entertainment, though not so alarming, was much more extravagant and ludicrous. I was for some time diverted with a furious dispute between Dr. Monro and Dr. Whytt concerning the uses of the *deltoid muscle*! The combatants at length became so hot, that they were just proceed-

ing to give the dispute an effectual termination by the intervention of the cudgel, when I awoke, and behold it was a dream!

The third night I found myself in the midst of a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen. Cheerfulness and innocence seemed to beam from every countenance. I was treated with the utmost affability and complaisance. My heart began to exult with the most pleasant emotions. The music struck up; each took his fair partner by the hand, and a sprightly dance immediately commenced. My spirits were much more elevated than I ever had experienced on any former occasion. I moved through the various evolutions of the dance with as much ease and alacrity as if my body had been a mere vehicle of air. But, in the midst of this enchanting scene, while setting to a young lady, my breeches fell plump to my heels! I quickly attempted to lay hold of them; but in vain. The very power of reaching forth my hand was abstracted from me. I remained fixed as a statue, and the dance was interrupted. The blushes of the company discovered how sensibly they felt my misfortune, but none had the courage to assist me. In short, the feelings peculiar to such a whimsical situation became at last so exquisitely painful, that I should infallibly have fainted away, had not sleep instantly departed, and restored me to reason and joy.

The fourth night's employment was still more serious and awful. I saw a groupe of winged angels descending from the sky. One of them, who seemed to lead and command the rest, had a large golden trumpet in his hand. When near the surface of the earth, he sounded the instrument, the noise of which made all nature shrink. He announced the arrival of the last day, that day when the quick and the dead are to be judged, and receive everlasting rewards or torments, according to the merit or demerit of the deeds done by individual mortals. Astonishment and anxiety arrested

all the living. They stood motionless, and looked aghast. A new scene instantly appeared. I saw the dead rising in myriads all around me. I particularly remarked, that, in the Grey-friars' church-yard, *hundreds* of both sexes pushed one another out of the *same graves*! The day was so cold and frosty, that the terrified expectants of doom were all shivering. Another phenomenon solicited my attention. I saw immense numbers of *leaden pipes*, filled with *cold water*. Another trumpet was sounded, and the angel proclaimed, that, instead of being roasted in the *flames* of hell, the *damned* were to have their *limbs* eternally immersed in these *water pipes*. Terrified, and half petrified with this frigifying idea, *I got the start*, and awoke. Upon examination, I found, that, by some accident, my limbs had been uncovered, and were excessively cold. This simple incident produced the whole scenery I have represented.

But here I must stop, lest I should discover more of my own character than would be consistent with prudence.

For the Literary Magazine.

HINDOO ALMANACS.

THE almanacs in common use in India are computed at Benares, Tirhut, and Nadeea, the three principal seminaries of Hindoo learning in the company's provinces; and hence they are annually dispersed through the adjacent country. Every Brahmin who has the charge of a temple, and who announces the time for observing religious ceremonies, is furnished with one of these almanacs; and, if he be an astronomer, he introduces those corrections which a difference of latitude and longitude may require. The Benares almanac is used in the upper part of India; that computed at Nadeea, in Bengal; and the Tirhut in Bahar.

To these almanacs the Hindoos are obliged to recur, in order to know what day of the month it is; because the several months, both solar and lunar, consist neither of a determinate number of days, nor are regulated by any cycle, but depend solely on the motions of the sun and moon; and their months sometimes begin on different days in various places, on account of the difference of latitude and longitude, as well as of the difference which arises from error in computation. The civil day in all parts of India begins at sun-rise, and is divided into sixty parts, called dandas, which are subdivided into sixty palas. Wherever the Benares patra is used, the civil year is lunisolar, consisting of twelve lunar months, with an intercalary month occasionally introduced. It begins at the day after the new moon next before the beginning of the solar year. The lunar month is divided into thirty parts called teethees, each of which is equal to the time in which the true motion of the moon from the sun is twelve degrees. The method of computing the days by these teethees, and also of counting their months, is extremely intricate.

The Nadeea almanac begins with the day after that on which the astronomical year commences; this is called the first of the month, the next is denominated the second, and so on to the end; and therefore the number of days in the month varies from twenty-nine to thirty-two. The names of the months are the same with those of the lunar months in the Benares almanac: but the lunar months begin, not as those do at the full, but at the new moon, and are called by the name of the solar month which ends during the course of them. From the commencement of the Nadeea almanac, and from its giving the day of the solar month, which that of Benares does not, we may infer that it is customary, in those parts of India where the Nadeea almanac is used, to date by the solar month, and to begin the year on the next day to

the astronomical year. The Hindoos of Bengal, in all their common transactions, date according to solar time, and use what is commonly called the Bengal era: but, in the correspondence of the Brahmins, in dating books, and in regulating feasts and fasts, they generally note the teethee. Of the Tirhut almanac, there is reason to conjecture that it agrees with that of Nadeea more than with that of Benares.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON ARIOSTO AND HIS TRANSLATOR.

THE facetious author of *Hudibras*, in the argument of his first canto, alludes to Ariosto's method of telling a story:

Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle:

for this most celebrated Italian poet frequently contrives to end his cantos in the most interesting part of his narrative; and, instead of presenting us, in the succeeding canto, with a continuation of it, introduces the reader perhaps to a new series of adventures, which, in like manner, are left half told, for the sake of resuming a story suddenly dropt in a former part of the poem. From this circumstance, much of the pleasure which might be derived from the perusal of the *Orlando* is destroyed. Such frequent interruptions dissolve the enchantments raised by his genius, and give a painful check to the pleasing illusions of the fancy. This is one reason why the readers of the *Jerusalem* of Tasso are more numerous than those of the *Orlando* of Ariosto. It is not, however, the only one. Setting aside the extreme length of the *Orlando*, there is a *oneness* in the *Jerusalem*, which this poem does not possess. This work of Ariosto, who is the Shakespeare of the epic poets, is a rich tissue of adventures of

dames and knights, in which a luxuriant imagination sports at large, regardless of former patterns, and of the prescribed rules. Every lover of poetry will pardon these eccentricities, and will follow Ariosto, with an enthusiasm of admiration, through all his meanders; but the general reader, finding his attention perplexed and distracted, will soon be induced to throw the work aside.

The object of Hoole, the translator, in *one* of his Ariostos, was to remove the difficulties which occur in the perusal of the Orlando, by giving a greater regularity to the work than the author assigned to it, in order that more readers may be invited to enjoy the beautiful fictions with which it is so eminently enriched. He does not make a partial and unmeaning display of fables, sentiments, or descriptions, which, by being violently taken from their proper places, must lose all relative merit; but he reduces his translation into a narrower compass, by omitting many parts not essential to the connection, and by compressing others: at the same time he arranges the different adventures in a more uniform series, so as not only to lead the reader through all the pleasing diversities of the poet, but to form a complete whole, in which the great and important action might stand sufficiently marked amidst a variety of subordinate episodes.

This undertaking is sufficiently hazardous, and will ever be regarded with an evil eye by men of true taste. Such will be apt to exclaim, let us have the original just as it is, and leave us to find fault and amend according to our own judgment.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF DR. HUGH BLAIR.

DR. HUGH BLAIR was born in Edinburgh, on the 7th day of April, 1718. His father, John Blair, a respectable merchant in that city, was a descendant of the ancient family

of Blair, in Ayrshire, and grandson of the famous Mr. Robert Blair, minister of St. Andrews, chaplain to Charles I, and one of the most zealous and distinguished clergymen of the period in which he lived.

The views of Dr. Blair, from his earliest youth, were turned towards the church, and his education received a suitable direction.

In the year 1739, he took his degree of A. M. On that occasion he printed and defended a thesis *De Fundamentis et Obligatione Legis Naturæ*, which contains a short but masterly discussion of this important subject, and exhibits, in elegant Latin, an outline of the moral principles, which have been since more fully unfolded and illustrated in his sermons.

On the completion of his academical course, he underwent the customary trials before the presbytery of Edinburgh, and received from that venerable body a license to preach the gospel, on the 21st of October, 1741. His public life now commenced with very favourable prospects. The reputation which he brought from the university was fully justified by his first appearances in the pulpit; and, in a few months, the fame of his eloquence procured for him a presentation to the parish of Colessie, in Fife, where he was ordained to the office of the holy ministry, on the 23d of September, 1742. But he was not permitted to remain long in this rural retreat. A vacancy in the second charge of the Canongate of Edinburgh furnished to his friends an opportunity of recalling him to a station more suited to his talents. And though one of the most popular and eloquent clergymen in the church was placed in competition with him, a great majority of the electors decided in favour of this young orator, and restored him, in July, 1743, to the bounds of his native city.

In this station Dr. Blair continued eleven years, discharging with great fidelity and success the various duties of the pastoral office.

In consequence of a call from the town-council and general-session of Edinburgh, he was translated from the Canongate to Lady Yester's, one of the city churches, on the 11th of October, 1754; and on the 15th day of June, 1758, he was promoted to the High Church of Edinburgh, the most important ecclesiastical charge in the kingdom. To this charge he was raised at the request of the lords of council and session, and of the other distinguished official characters who have their seats in that church. And the uniform prudence, ability, and success which, for a period of more than forty years, accompanied all his ministerial labours in that conspicuous and difficult station, sufficiently evinc the wisdom of their choice.

No production of his pen had yet been given to the world by himself, except two sermons preached on particular occasions, some translations, in verse, of passages of scripture for the psalmody of the church, and a few articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; a publication begun in 1755, and conducted, for a short time, by some of the ablest men in the kingdom. But standing, as he now did, at the head of his profession, and released, by the labour of former years, from the drudgery of weekly preparation for the pulpit, he began to think seriously on a plan for teaching to others that art which had contributed so much to the establishment of his own fame. With this view, he communicated to his friends a scheme of lectures on composition; and, having obtained the approbation of the university, he began to read them in the college on the 11th of December, 1759. To this undertaking he brought all the qualifications requisite for executing it well, and along with them a weight of reputation, which could not fail to give effect to the lessons he should deliver. For, besides the testimony given to his talents by his successive promotions in the church, the university of St. Andrew's, moved chiefly by the merit of his eloquence, had in June, 1757, conferred on him

the degree of D.D., a literary honour which, at that time, was very rare in Scotland. Accordingly his first course of lectures was well attended, and received with great applause.

The patrons of the university, convinced that they would form a valuable addition to the system of education, agreed in the following summer to institute a rhetorical class, under his direction, as a permanent part of their academical establishment: and on the 7th of April, 1762, his majesty was graciously pleased "To erect and endow a professorship of rhetoric and belles lettres in the university of Edinburgh, and to appoint Dr. Blair, in consideration of his approved qualifications, regius professor thereof, with a salary of 70*l*."

It was not until the year 1777 that he could be induced to favour the world with a volume of the sermons which had so long furnished instruction and delight to his own congregation. But this volume being well received, the public approbation encouraged him to proceed: three other volumes followed at different intervals, and all of them experienced a degree of success of which few publications can boast. They circulated rapidly and widely wherever the English tongue extends; they were soon translated into almost all the languages of Europe; and his present majesty, with that wise attention to the interests of religion and literature which distinguishes his reign, was graciously pleased to judge them worthy of a public reward. By a royal mandate to the exchequer in Scotland, dated July 25th, 1780, a pension of 200*l*. a year was conferred on their author, which continued unaltered till his death.

The sermons contained in the last volume which bears his name were composed at very different periods of his life; but they were all written out anew in his own hand, and in many parts re-composed, during the summer of 1800, after he had completed his eighty-second year. They were delivered to the publishers

about six weeks before his death, in the form and order in which they now appear. And it may gratify his readers to know that the last of them which he composed, though not the last in the order adopted for publication, was the sermon on a *Life of Dissipation and Pleasure*, a sermon written with great dignity and eloquence, and which should be regarded as his solemn parting admonition to a class of men whose conduct is highly important to the community, and whose reformation and virtue he had long laboured most zealously to promote.

In April, 1748, he married his cousin, Katherine Bannatine, daughter of the Rev. James Bannatine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. By her he had a son, who died in infancy, and a daughter, who lived to her twenty-first year, the pride of her parents, and adorned with all the accomplishments that became her age and sex. Mrs. Blair herself, a woman of great good sense and spirit, was also taken from him a few years before his death, after she had shared with the tenderest affection in all his fortunes, and contributed near half a century to his happiness and comfort.

Dr. Blair had been naturally of a feeble constitution of body; but as he grew up his constitution acquired greater firmness and vigour. Though liable to occasional attacks from some of the sharpest and most painful diseases that afflict the human frame, he enjoyed a general state of good health, and, through habitual cheerfulness, temperance, and care, survived the usual term of human life. For some years he had felt himself unequal to the fatigue of instructing his very large congregation from the pulpit; and, under the impression which this feeling produced, he has been heard at times to say with a sigh, "that he was left almost the last of his contemporaries." Yet he continued to the end in the regular discharge of all his other official duties, and particularly in giving advice to the afflicted, who, from different quarters of

the kingdom, solicited his correspondence.

His last summer was devoted to the preparation of the last volume of his Sermons, and, in the course of it, he exhibited a vigour of understanding and capacity of exertion equal to that of his best days. He began the winter pleased with himself on account of the completion of this work; and his friends were flattered with the hope that he might live to enjoy the accession of emolument and fame which he expected it would bring. But the seeds of a mortal disease were lurking unperceived within him. On the 24th of December, 1800, he complained of a pain in his bowels, which, during that and the following day, gave him but little uneasiness, and he received as usual the visits of his friends. On the afternoon of the 26th, the symptoms became violent and alarming: he felt that he was approaching the end of his appointed course; and retaining to the last moment the full possession of his mental faculties, he expired on the morning of the 27th, with the composure and hope which became a christian pastor.

The lamentation for his death was universal and deep through the city which he had so long instructed and adorned. Its magistrates, participating in the general grief, appointed his church to be put in mourning; and his colleague in it, the writer of this narrative, who had often experienced the inestimable value of his counsel and friendship, delivered, on the sabbath after his funeral, a discourse to his congregation.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY THE ARTS ARE DISCOURAGED IN AMERICA.

THAT the arts are not encouraged in America is a fact which cannot be disputed. The cause of it forms a subject of curious speculation. That it arises from nothing

inherent in the physical or moral constitution of the people, in their climate or form of government, is evident. That it does not arise from their poverty is no less clear, for where can be found a more flourishing and prosperous nation?

The following anecdote occurs in Brissot's Travels. Twenty years, as is well known, have made no material alteration with respect to our encouragement of the arts.

The arts, says he, except those that respect navigation, do not receive much encouragement here. The history of the planetarium of Mr. Pope is a proof of it. Mr. Pope is a very ingenious artist, occupied in clock-making. The machine which he has constructed to explain the movement of the heavenly bodies would astonish you, especially when you consider that he has received no succour from Europe, and very little from books. He owes the whole to himself; he is, like the painter Trumbull, the child of nature. Ten years of his life have been occupied in perfecting this planetarium. He had opened a subscription to recompense his trouble; but the subscription was never full.

This discouraged artist told me one day, that he was going to Europe to sell this machine, and to construct others. This country, said he, is too poor to encourage the arts. These words, *this country is too poor*, struck me. I reflected that, if they were pronounced in Europe, they might lead to wrong ideas of America; for the idea of poverty carries that of rags, of hunger; and no country is more distant from that sad condition.—

When riches are centered in a few hands, these have a great superfluity; and this superfluity may be applied to their pleasures, and to favour the agreeable and frivolous arts. When riches are equally divided in society, there is very little superfluity, and consequently little means of encouraging the agreeable arts. But which of the two countries is the rich, and which is the poor? According to the European ideas, and in the sense of Mr. Pope, it is the first that is rich; but, to the eye of reason, it is not, for the other is the happiest.—So far Brissot.

A people must secure a provision of absolute necessities, before they think of conveniences; and must enjoy conveniences before they can indulge in the agreeable arts of life. Long exercise of the indispensable arts will stock them with useful things; which, if their institutions be wholesome, will make them in general easy, and even rich as a people, without supposing enormous possessions in individual hands, and the attendant misery of others. The Americans began with log-houses, and are now in the progress to brick and stone, convenience and elegance; their attentions observe the like progress, and expand with the ability of attainment. When agriculture, with its attendant arts, and commerce, have rendered them comfortable in all respects, they will then naturally aspire to and encourage works of ingenuity and polite arts; which, though as yet unsuitable and beyond their views, will then evince their prosperity instead of their decay.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGY

From the Greek of Moschus on the death of Bion.

The author of the following poetical effusion introduced it to his readers with these remarks:

The following is a humble attempt at a translation of part of the celebrated elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion. I am sensible, that, in transplanting the odorous flowers of Asia into our ungenial soil, many a leaf has been despoiled of its luxuriance by the rude hand of an unskilful gardener. You will also observe that much has been omitted. In fact, the original is so perfumed with the fragrance of Asiatic scents, that a modern reader would be in danger of dying "in aromatic pain," had the translation been more faithful. Our style will not bear the exuberance of the oriental diction.

OH! all ye groves and gurgling waters
moan,
And ye small streams that gently roam,
Lend me your tears to weep o'er Bion's
urn;
He's gone, and never will to us return.

Ye shrubs and plants, distil your drops,
And, lofty trees, bow down your tops;
Ye flow'rs be cloth'd with sable weed,
And let your leaves with pity bleed.
Weep, weep, anemone, and eke the rose,
Bewail with us our gloomy woes.

Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

Ye nightingales that cheer the woody
throng,
When on the breeze ye waft your tune-
ful song,
Tell all the nymphs that lightly lave,
In Arethusa's limpid wave,
That all our pleasing hours are fled,
Since Bion's number'd with the dead.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

Strymonian swans, begin and sing,
And let his doleful dirges ring

O'er all those shores where oft his lyre
Sooth'd the soul or rapt to fire:
Such notes, Ægriam nymphs, as ye have
heard

When on your plains he fed his herd.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

For to his flocks no more he plays,
No more he weaves his witching lays;
But under Pluto's gloomy power
His pipe beguiles the lazy hour;
His flocks in grief refuse to feed,
Another master tunes the reed!

Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

Phœbus, and all the Sylvan crew,
For him their ceaseless sorrow shew;
Pan hears no more his wonted lays,
When through his groves he fondly
strays;

"To pleasure now adieu!" he loudly
cries,
And Echo, list'ning sad, "Adieu" re-
plies.

Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

So too the drooping naiads mourn,
Their tears bedew his hallow'd urn;
They weep that now no more they'll
hear

His cadence melting on the ear;
Their frolic games they lay aside,
Since they have lost their chiefest pride.
Sicilian muses join the mournful cry,
And sing with me his plaintive elegy!

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGY TO AMANDA.

WHAT sounds are those, expressive
deep of woe,
To which the heart responsive beats?
But soft,
They die away, nor more are heard.
Yet sure,
Most sure, resemblance much was borne
To Resignation's groan. Now silence
Reigns, so let enquiry sleep; though
sympathy

The source would gladly ascertain, that
 tear
 With tear might mingle; yet would the
 eye
 Not seek to pierce the veil or secret
 shade,
 Where pale-fac'd Sorrow may delight
 to dwell
 With avaricious fondness o'er her
 Treasur'd hoard. But, hark! again they
 flow.
 Solemnity indeed!—Alas, 'tis death!
 Affection fond repeats the heavy groan
 From yonder grove. Amanda's gentle
 form,
 Which the admiring eye has oft pursu'd,
 Is nothing now but dust. The dire
 disease
 That on her bosom prey'd has mock'd
 the power
 Of art, and rent in twain the brittle
 thread
 Of life. But, oh! could none the ty-
 rant's grasp
 Suffice, but her whose every look dis-
 pens'd
 Sunshine around, with prospects fair in
 view
 Of long continued bliss? Man, simple-
 Man, to look from bliss for ought beneath
 The skies: so transitory is all that
 Bears the face of joy, as each succeeding
 Day more plainly proves. Most gloomy
 now must
 Seem the adjacent rural seat, late by her
 Presence grac'd, where harmony divine
 Was wont to dwell, alluring all to love,
 And unison of soul. Despotism pow'r!
 Could tears, nor sighs, nor groans thy
 pity move?
 Nor couldst thou stay nor wait 'till Na-
 ture's wheel
 Had somewhat passed down the vale of
 years?
 But no! permission given, gloomily
 He smil'd, and bore his prize away.
 Such oft
 The wayward fate of man. The wretch
 forlorn,
 Long, long estrang'd from peace, on
 troubled
 Billows toss'd, grown weary of his bark,
 Which scarcely rides the storm, is doom'd
 to wait
 Impatiently for his approach, destin'd,
 Alas, for future woes, if other woes
 The bosom yet can feel; while mourn'd
 Amanda,
 So I term the fair, 'mid sweet enjoyments
 Plac'd, imparting bliss that angels must
 approve,

To go was loth, 'till resignation bent
 Her will to Heaven. Yet even then, alas,
 Would moments fond return, when fain
 she
 Would have liv'd, not for herself; ah,
 no!
 But for her infant babes, fast clinging
 round
 Her heart. Not that she doubted the
 paternal
 Love of him, so long her bosom's dearest
 friend,
 Not that she fear'd to trust those tender
 ties
 Cemented to her soul, to heaven's and his
 Kind fostering care; ah, no! in each her
 firm
 Her highest confidence was seal'd. But
 ere health
 Fled her youthful cheek, ere yet the
 damask
 Rose had quit its mantling there, her
 heart a hope
 Had cherish'd, not willing now to leave
 its fost'ring
 Home, of moulding the young ductile
 mind by her's,
 Whose elegance of thought she had her-
 self
 Imbib'd in early youth. So firm the
 hope
 Was tied around her heart, that nought
 but Death's
 Cold icy hand could it erase from thence.
 Foe inexorable! Cruel, cruel Death!
 Can eye behold the chasm made, and
 not weep
 Tears of salt, that furrows deep the
 cheek? Ah!
 View all lonely now, the partner of her
 Youth! Disconsolate he droops, his little
 Babes around, unconscious of their loss,
 And wond'ring why the tears thus
 trickling fall,
 As each in turn is folded to his heart.
 But hark! whose voice is that more
 mild than spring?
 How mournful, yet how sweet! what
 mingled notes
 Of sorrow and of love! Alas, heart-
 rending
 Truth, no fabled, fancied scenes are here
 Pourtray'd; a mother mourns her daugh-
 ter gone,
 Whose features ever wore a smile of love
 Unutterable at her approach, and such
 The look, no doubt, they wore, when
 welcom'd home
 To the bright realms of never-ending day,
 To bliss supreme. But, oh! while here
 her presence

Must have prov'd to the maternal heart
 Cheering as springs in Afric's burning
 sands
 To travellers' parched lips. Alas, what
 has
 The interesting mourner done, thus to
 provoke
 The ruthless hand of Fate? Death's
 venom'd dart
 Hath agoniz'd her breast time after
 time,
 When sons in manhood's prime twin'd
 round her heart
 By more than Nature's tie, by virtues
 like
 Her own, were hurried to the chambers
 Of the mould'ring dead. Tyrannic
 power!
 But Heaven the mandate gave, and
 therefore
 Right. Religion bids her not its will
 Arraign; submissive low she bends, yet
 mourn
 She must; for minds soform'd as her's
 can prove
 No sudden cure. Still Hope, descending
 mild,
 Sheds o'er her aching mind its balmy
 sweets;
 Ere long she looks to join, in never-
 fading
 Bliss, the darling children of her heart
 again.

ELIZA.

*For the Literary Magazine.*REMONSTRANCE OF THE POPLAR
WORM.*By J. E. Harwood.*

WHAT means the quick averted eye,
 The nimble footsteps apt to fly,
 Whene'er my form appears?
 The cruel torture misapplied,
 Experiments more cruel tried
 By vain and idle fears?
 You who my humble form surround,
 As slowly creeping on the ground,
 Know I resemble you:
 With toil I gain what Heaven grants,
 I live in labour and in pain,
 Obscure and hid from view.
 And you whose gilded chariots fly,
 Like meteors in the azure sky,
 Your fate resembles mine:
 Soon rais'd from dirt on zephyr's wing,
 I sail in many an airy ring,
 And in rich lustre shine.
 One diff'rence us there is between,
 My loathsome figure forms no screen
 Where poison lurks behind:
 Whilst you to vice, to folly given,
 Debase the fairest form of heaven,
 Degrade the godlike mind.
 Non usitarâ nec tenui ferar
 Penuâ.

HOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor holds himself very much indebted to the author of Reflections on the French Revolution, published in his last number. Any new communications from the same hand will be gratefully received. Several pieces of poetry have come to hand, which, from the nature of their subjects, or from defects in composition, are not admissible. The editor will spare their authors and himself the pain of being more particular.